

A
COLLECTION

Imo
OF

Richardson

H Y M N S

For the use of those that seek, and those that have

REDEMPTION

James In the *Allen*
Christopher Is atty.
BLOOD of CHRIST.

And they sung a new Song, saying, THOU art worthy; for THOU wast slain, and hast redeemed us to GOD by thy BLOOD. Rev. 5. 9.

K E N D A L:

Printed: by THO. ASHBURNER,

MDCCLVII.

COLLECTION

HYMN

For the use of those that feel and think that way

REDEMPTION

In the

BLOOD OF CHRIST



And they sang a new song, saying, Thou art worthy;
thy: for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to
God by thy Blood, pure and clean.

KIND A L:

Printed by Tho. Ashburner

MDCCLXX

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The Preface.

ANGELS, and saints made perfect, do the will of God with chearfulness and alacrity; singing praise continually to him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever. Saints on earth, who have tasted the rich mercies of redeeming love, in their degree return thanksgiving and adoration to the Father for his everlasting love: to the Son for the redemption wrought out by his obedience and death: and to the Holy Ghost, who hath called them out of darkness into light; revealed and applied Jesus Christ to their hearts; and remains their faithful guide and comforter along the narrow way.

Indeed we can never do justice to the subject of redeeming love. But as our lips are touched with a live-coal from the altar, we learn to lisp, and stammer out the praise of the holy triune God; making melody in our hearts to the Lord; speaking to ourselves in psalms, and hymns and spiritual songs. — Singing is one part of christian worship, and should be performed with seriousness and recollection; with the spirit, and with the understanding; even as in the presence of God our Saviour.

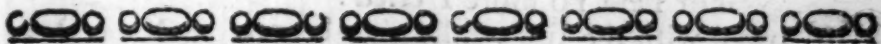
For the use of the church of God, something of this kind hath been offered to their service in all ages of christianity. This little book makes its appearance among the rest; not to eclipse any useful work of this kind already extant; nor to intimate, as if those hymns now in print were not sufficiently suitable to the children of God thro' every period of grace. No: but if this our mite, should contribute to the furtherance of our Redeemer's honour, and the good of souls; we have our reward, and shall rejoice on that account. And we freely acknowledge that many hymns, long since as well as lately printed, are in many respects far superior to these. For many of the following hymns were composed by such as are greatly destitute of the aids of human learning. B

The right here, I am at present, I might say, to be considered as the right of the people of the United States.

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(5)

A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS,



I.



W E E T was the hour, the minutes sweet,
When my Beloved me did meet,
His death to evidence :
My heart, which wounded was before,
Kindly he bound ; therein did pour
Love's healing quintessence.

2. Death's heritage he then laid waste ;
And calm'd each stormy furious blast ;
And cancell'd all my sins :
Placing his cross before mine eyes,
Look to me and be sav'd, he cries,
From death thy life begins.

3. Sweet was the feast my heart enjoy'd ;
I ate, I drank, nor was I cloy'd,
For more I thirsted still :
Here let me stay, I longing pray'd ;
Sure this is Achor's vale, I said,
Or holy Tabor's hill.

4. His left hand under me was plac'd,
And his right hand my soul embrac'd,
His kisses sweet did prove :

Safely I sat beneath his shade;
Quite round my soul, he overspread
His canopy of love.

5. The wat'ry deep he did divide;
The haughty tyrant's pow'r destroy'd,
And broke his chariots strong;
Thinking he would assault no more,
But that I now was safe on shore,
I sung the Hebrew's song.

6. I sung assur'd of Jesu's love;
Refresh'd with manna from above,
For flesh no more I cried:
Warm'd with the sun's enliv'ning beams,
I laid me down at Shiloh's streams,
Content and satisfied.

7. Untouch'd by Satan's envious crew,
Upon my fleece, like drops of dew,
His free grace did descend;
Strangers in vain attempt to tell
The joy immense, unspeakable,
I found in Christ my Friend.

8. My mountain strong, as Basan, stood;
I thought that unbelief's strong flood
Would ne'er assail me more:
At this my Bridegroom jealous grew,
His frequent visits he withdrew;
And then I felt quite poor.

9. Sin, which did heretofore seem dead,
Reviv'd again, and rais'd its head;
This made me doubting cry,
Were all my joys but as a dream?
Still still-I feel I am unclean;
Help, Lord, or yet I die.

10. Like as the lonely Turtles mourn,
So griev'd I for my Lord's return;
I fought, I call'd, I cry'd:

Tell me, Jerusalem's daughters, tell,
Where my beloved Lord doth dwell ;
And where his flocks abide.

11. His absence Oh ! I cannot bear :
Each hour, each minute seems a year ;

Come, Jesus, quickly come :
Was I the cause Thou didst depart ?
Did I, O Jesus, grieve thy heart ?
Why didst thou go so soon ?

12. If so, dear Lamb, I prostrate fall,
And at thy feet for mercy call ;
Pardon, forgive, pass by :
Were not thy hands and feet bor'd through,
Thy side and temples wounded too,
To bring backsliders nigh ?

13. Think then, dear Jesus, on thy pain,
The toil and smart Thou didst sustain
To ransom my poor heart :
Kindly, dear Lamb, return and come ;
And make my heart thy constant home,
Nor ever more depart.

14. No more let sable clouds of night
Arise to intercept my light ;
Or earth my heart detain :
By thy dear cross still let me stay ;
Here let me sing my self away :
And die to live again.

II.

WHEN Jesus first unveil'd his face,
And touch'd my heart with heav'nly grace,
My thoughts were drawn above ;
Quite happy in my Saviour's arms,
Shut up from sin's invading harms,
I triumph'd in his love.

2. Thus ravish'd with celestial joys,
 I overlook'd all earthly toys,
 And chearfully prefs'd on ;
 His love out-ballanc'd all beside ;
 I daily sung the crucified,
 And call'd the Lord my own.

3. But when temptations fierce assail'd,
 My steadiness and courage fail'd ;
 My former strength decay'd ;
 Pleasures of sense, and worldly pride
 My heart and Jesus did divide,
 Thro' which from him I stray'd.

4. A slave at once to sin I fell,
 Thoughtless I trod the track of hell,
 And gave my lusts the rein :
 Asham'd to own my Saviour, I
 My roving thoughts did gratify,
 Leaving my God for sin.

5. Scar'd by a mortal's angry frown,
 My God, my Saviour, I disown,
 T' avoid the cross and shame ;
 Countenanc'd by a human smile,
 I fell a slave to my own will,
 And crucified my Lamb.

6. Thus at a distance did I rove,
 Abusing Jesu's grace and love,
 And dark'ning ev'ry beam ;
 Servant to sin I stray'd from God,
 And trampled on his precious blood,
 And vilify'd his name.

7. Yet still at times I wounded was ;
 I knew no sure nor lasting peace,
 Had daily stings for sin ;
 But labour'd ev'ry day and hour,
 To stupify their force and pow'r,
 To get release from pain.

8. Unwilling was the dying God,
That I should trifle with his blood,
And turn my day to night;
Yet willingly I fell a prey
To sin and its destructive way,
And wander'd from the light.
9. Obnoxious thus to ev'ry ill,
Abandon'd to my corrupt will,
I wallow'd in my blood;
Contentedly on husks I fed,
And caus'd the Saviour's wounds to bleed,
And griev'd my Lord and God.
10. But Oh ! he saw me in my blood
Polluted, combating with God,
And gave the sense of sin ;
My grand rebellion then appear'd,
Stupid I found my heart, and fear'd
Thro' enmity within.
11. Tho' now I knew my woeful case,
My sins forbad me Jesu's grace ;
My eyes o'erflow'd with tears ;
No refuge, no ! nor help I found,
Nothing to heal my open'd wound,
Nothing but hellish fears.
12. My pain my trouble still increas'd,
Nor in my soul one moment ceas'd ;
No glimpse of hope I felt ;
Thus punish'd by an angry God,
I lay debarr'd from Jesu's blood,
Oppress'd with fear and guilt.
13. Scarce durst I now for mercy call,
Condemn'd I stood, ready to fall
A victim to his wrath ;
Just then his pard'ning voice I heard,
Christ in his bloody form appear'd
Pleading for me his death.

14. " He cries, I all thy sins forgive,
 " Return, return, and thou shalt live,
 " And my free mercies taste ;
 " All thy backslidings I'll pass by,
 And love thee thro' eternity,
 " Erasing out what's past.

15. Abash'd I stood, ashamed to see
 My Saviour pleading there for me,
 Who had disown'd his name ;
 A holy shame bow'd down my soul,
 To think the Saviour shou'd recall
 A rebel to his train.

16. Prostrate I fell before his feet
 With blushing shame, and did entreat
 For blood to make me clean ;
 The Lord unto my suit gave ear,
 And eas'd my heart, and heard my pray'r,
 And cleansed me from sin.

17. Thus freed from bondage, I did prove
 The sweets of his redeeming love,
 And bask'd in sunny beams ;
 In this sweet frame I did rejoice,
 And hearken'd to my Saviour's voice,
 And drank of living streams.

III.

JESUS, the Saviour of my soul,
 Be Thou my heart's delight ;
 Remain the same to me always,
 My joy by day and night.

2. Hungry and thirsty after Thee,
 May I be found each hour ;
 Humble in heart, and happy kept
 By thy Almighty pow'r.

3. Oh ! may I never once forget
 What a poor worm I am ;

From death and hell redeem'd by blood,
The blood of God's dear Lamb.

4. May thy blest Spirit, in my heart
Sweetly diffuse abroad

The love of God, th' incarnate God,
Who bought me with his blood.

5. In holy reverence, I would
With all my heart retain

Th' atonement made by Jesu's blood,
And all his wounds and pain.

6. The myst'ry of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me;

And may the flesh and blood of Christ
My choicest dainty be.

VI.

HOW shall I all my vileness own,
Or speak of all the sin I feel?
Where shall I find a place to moan,
Whilst I'm an heir of death and hell?

2. Alas! I know not where to fly,
Or find a place to vent my grief;
Nor have I strength enough to cry
To any, who can give relief.

3. What can a sinner do like me,
When struck by an Almighty pow'r,
And sunk in deepest misery?
Nothing but wait at mercy's door.

4. What eye can see, what heart can love,
What hand relieve my misery?
None but the Saviour's from above,
Who for my sins did bleed and die.

5. No other object wou'd I find
To ease, indulge, or please my mind;
Here wou'd I leave my fruitless strife,
And prove his death the christian's life.

6. Surely in mercy he'll pass by,
And view a wretched slave of sin;
Pity will move him to come nigh,
And wash a filthy creature clean.
7. In mercy, Lord, thy creature see,
And spread thy skirt my shame to hide;
O speak the word, and I shall be
Cloath'd with thy robe, and justify'd.
8. Then shall my happy soul enjoy
A lasting peace in Thee, my God;
Then my whole bus'ness and employ
Shall be to speak of Jesu's blood.

V.

GIVE me, dear Lord, a tender heart,
Acquainted well with all thy smart,
Thy torments and thy pain :
And let each nail, each scourge and whip,
Each wound severe, and bloody stripe
Kindle within me thy love's flame.

2. Give me, my Lamb, a safe retreat
To sit before thy pierced feet ;
There tasting thy sweet love :
I'll kiss, and wash them with my tears,
And bid adieu to all my fears,
And learn to sing with saints above.

3. Yea, let the bloody cross's tree
Ever afford delight to me ;
Here let me view my God ;
And from his wounds derive my bliss,
And prove how savoury Jesus is,
And feel the cleansing pow'r of blood.

4. It's pow'r doth rend the marble heart,
Doth cause the rocks to quake, to part,
The veil away to pass ;

No more the outward court we tread,
But boldly thro' the Lamb our head
Enter within the holy place.

5. Our God, thro' faith's prospective glass,
We now behold in Jesu's face,
And find our pardon seal'd
By the Lamb's spirit; who thro' blood
Hath brought us to enjoy our God;
And Jesus in the heart reveal'd.

6. Thanks then to Thee, for what I know
Of this great mystery below,
"Salvation comes by blood."
Since I'm thy spoil, thy name I'll praise,
And blaze the glory of thy grace,
And sound thy fame to all abroad.

VI.

COVER'D with shame, O Jesus dear,
For mercy I implore;
Vouchsafe thy suppliant to hear,
Pity, relieve a sinner poor;
Surely I have withstood
Thy calls and griev'd my God.

2. Guilt, like a ghost, pursues me still,
And poisons every sweet;
Fruits of the curse I daily feel;
I feel, O Lord, the burthen great:
Hear, Jesus, hear my cry,
And do not pass me by.

3. I ask not for the fading joys
Which from the creatures spring;
No, no; the world and all its toys
Can me no solid comfort bring:
I've sought to find it here
With empty fruitless care.

4. I ask that peace, which comes from Thee,
To ease my burden'd soul;
I ask that fruit from off the tree,
Which makes poor fainting sinners whole.
Hear, Jesus, hear my cry;
Smile on me, or I die.
5. Paint in my heart the bloody tree,
Which bore the Prince of peace;
That I may feel delivery,
And sing aloud my glad release:
Jesus, Thou shalt not go,
Till I the blessing know.

VII.

AUTHOR of true and saving faith,
That grace to me impart;
Grant me an int'rest in thy death,
A new believing heart.

2. Dismiss my griefs, my sorrows end,
My reason's voice controul;
Approve thyself the sinner's friend,
And bless my helpless soul.
3. Long have I sought thy peace to find,
But all my search is vain;
For unbelief still veils my mind,
And dwelling gnaws within.
4. At times thy word's attracting beams
Hath drawn my soul above;
Diffusing thro' my heart the streams
Of everlasting love.
5. Sometimes I've had a little taste,
And thought thy coming nigh;
But ah! the blessing did not last,
The visitant pass'd by.

6. And must I ever mourning go,
A stranger to thy love ;
Shall I be join'd with saints below,
And not with saints above ?
7. Shall I beneath the gospel stay,
And hear the call of grace ;
And at the awful judgment-day
Be banish'd from thy face ?
8. Oh ! nay I feel a glim'ring hope,
E'er long Thou wilt me bless ;
And at the last wilt raise me up
A kingdom to possess.

VIII.

CAPTAIN of thy enlisted host,
Display thy glorious banner high ;
Send the white horse from coast to coast,
And call a num'rous army nigh.

2. A solemn jubilee proclaim,
Proclaim the great sabbatic day ;
Let the year of release be seen ;
Spoil satan of his wish'd for prey.

3. Bid, bid thy heralds cry aloud,
Aloud, thy honour to proclaim ;
And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
The myst'ry to the heart explain.

4. Chase the usurper from his throne,
Oh ! chase him to his destin'd hell ;
Stout-hearted sinners overcome ;
And peaceful in thy temple dwell.

5. The wall of bigotry break down ;
On each a show'r of grace distill ;
The trembling comer freely own ;
The hung'ry soul with good things fill.

6. Now let us see the harmless doves
In numbers to the windows fly ;
Returning back with olive boughs,
Proving the King of peace is nigh.
7. Fight for thyself, O Jesus fight,
The travail of thy soul regain ;
'Fore each blind soul makes darkness, light ;
To all make crooked paths quite plain.
8. Lead us safe thro' the wilderness ;
Safely at death our souls remove
Ever to see thy smiling face ;
Ever to sing thy dying love.

IX.

- I** WAIT the visits of thy grace,
My Saviour and my God ;
O come, and shew thy smiling face,
And wash me in thy blood.
2. I languish almost in despair ;
My weary soul lift up ;
My mournful sinking spirits cheer ;
Open a door of hope.
3. I see myself a sinner base,
Infected quite throughout :
Whate'er I have, I have by grace
Without thy grace I've nought.
4. If I for Thee would do something
In honour of thy name ;
There is so much of self within,
It gives me grief and shame.
5. Oh ! whither can I go to get
A pardon for my sin ;
But only to my Saviour's feet,
And wait and call on him ?

6. Oh ! that I could but once by faith
Behold him on the tree ;
And see him languish there to death,
And shed his blood for me.
7. Oh ! that I might but once be found
In that blest wedding-dress ;
Which in my ears doth often sound,
His blood and righteousness.
8. Tis this alone can give me ease,
And heal my wounded heart ;
My Saviour's blood and righteousness,
His suff'rings and his smart.

X.

- H**EAR us, O Son of David, hear,
Who in thy gracious presence stand ;
Let pity move thy open ear ;
Let mercy sway thy gentle hand :
If love sit smiling on thy brow,
Oh ! let thy servants prove it now.
2. Like wand'ring sheep we've turn'd aside,
Far from thy fold we did depart ?
Till Sinai's dreadful flames we spy'd,
Whose killing glances thook each heart :
Deep unto deep aloud now calls,
Wave over wave o'erwhelms our souls.
3. Shew pity then, Thou Shepherd good,
Who didst by blood a church obtain,
Tho' hell thy kind design withstood,
Thy arm the victory didst gain :
Do then, dear Lord, thy blood apply,
And banish'd foreigners bring nigh.
4. The guilt of sin far, far remove ;
The dreadful flames of Sinai quench ;

Cast out our fear by perfect love ;
 Impart a lasting confidence :
 Support us by thy strength'ning pow'r,
 In fierce temptation's trying hour.

5. This do, and never leave us, Lord,
 But lead us on from faith to faith ;
 Feed us with thy refreshing word,
 And fix us in the gospel path :
 And when life's tedious journeys end,
 A kind dismissal gently send.

XI.

JESUS, Thou tender heart,
 Give me a while to sit,
 To learn the good and needful part,
 In stillness at thy feet :
 Low may I bow before
 The footstool of thy grace,
 And love and praise Thee more and more,
 Till I behold thy face.

2. I AM, O glorious name !
 What tribute is thy due ?
 Since I my God in human frame
 And sinful likeness view :
 Thee cloath'd in flesh and blood
 I clasp close in my arms ;
 My eyes with tears are overflow'd ;
 I'm won by thy dear charms.

3. Afford me free access
 Unto thy wounded side ;
 There would I fix my dwelling place,
 And there for ever hide.
 Sprinkle my heart afresh ;
 The holy frame renew ;
 Subdue and crucify the flesh,
 And form me all anew.

XII.

STAND fast in the liberty
(Beloved sons of God,)

Wherewith Christ hath made you free,

And seal'd it with his blood :

With unwearied search pursue

The mystery of godliness,

Then his grace shall drop like dew,

And fill your hearts with peace.

2. If assaulted by the foe,

Directly to him say,

I am Christ's ; for by his woe

He took my sins away ;

I'm adopted thro' his pain,

Jehovah's son, an heir of faith ;

I'm espoused to the Lamb,

And ransom'd by his death.

3. If a thought of sin spring up,

Or in your hearts arise ;

Hasten to the door of hope,

To Jesus turn your eyes :

There you will refreshment find,

And pow'r your foes to overcome,

Grace to cheer the troubled mind,

And strength to bear you home.

4. Still thro' love obey the Lamb,

And not thro' fear of death ;

Nor in bondage fear his name,

But freely serve in faith :

Hearken to his mild command,

And this bless'd liberty possess ;

Still unmov'd by Jesus stand,

And prize the God of grace.

5. Happy church, who hast receiv'd
 The robes of righteousness,
 In the Saviour's name believ'd :
 O celebrate his praise :
 Saints who stand before the throne
 With everlasting glory crown'd,
 One with God, with Jesus one,
 His merits loudly sound.

XIII.

HOW shall I my case relate,
 Or utter forth my want ;
 Speak my present helpless state,
 Or half my blackness paint !
 Vilest of the sons of men,
 A monster of iniquity ;
 Frankly now confess my shame,
 And own my misery.

2. Base, unworthy, and unclean,
 Just at the point to die ;
 Wallowing in my filth and sin,
 For grace I faintly cry :
 See me, Lord, defil'd in blood,
 Observe and help me thro' my toil :
 Ease me of my heavy load,
 And calm my ruffled soul.

3. Bid the winds and waves be still,
 These warring storms within ;
 Break my stubborn stupid will,
 And mould it into thine :
 Quell the tempter's furious rage,
 And baffle all his base designs ;
 Lord, on my behalf engage,
 And conquer all my sins.

4. Take away this noxious weed,
Thy fullen unbelief;
Sow the pure immortal seed
Unto eternal life:
Visit, Lord, my lukewarm frame,
And drop a coal of sacred fire;
Raise within my heart a flame
Of infinite desire.
5. Keep me in a humble mind,
Still leaning on thy breast;
Till within thy arms I find
A happy peaceful rest;
Guide my fluctuating heart
Into the fold of gospel-grace;
Never from thy child depart,
Till I the crown possess.
6. From the world's delusive smiles,
And from my household foes,
From the serpents subtle wiles
Save me, and plead my cause:
Hold me fast in thy embrace,
And arm me with the shield of faith,
Till I see thy smiling face
Amidst the pangs of death.

XIV.

JESUS, with uplifted hands
Mark'd with wounds so bloody,
Midst his chosen people stands,
Cherishing his body.

2. From thy fulness, Lord, impart
Grace and peace for ever;
Let us drink from thy pierc'd heart
Life as from a river.
3. We would nothing taste or know,
But Thee crucified:

Let thy blood on each heart flow,
Till we're sanctified.

4. To enjoy thy death and smart,
Lord, our souls do languish;
Deep impress on every heart
All thy pain and anguish.

5. When we feel thy love's strong flame,
Sin is dispossessed:
Grant us this, O gracious Lamb,
When we are distressed.

6. As thy cross's subjects we
Wait thy spirit's motion;
Where and when to follow thee,
Shall be our devotion.

7. To thy name for evermore
Be praise and glory given;
None on earth will we adore,
None but Thee in heaven.

XV.

MY Saviour's love runs thro' and thro' my heart,
While I review his sufferings and smart;
Fain wou'd I chaunt his praise while here beneath,
And mention make with gladness of his death.

2. Up Calv'ry's mount the Man of sorrows climbs,
In weakness drags along his wearied limbs;
Upon his shoulders raw he bears the wood,
Bedew'd, besmear'd with his own precious blood.

3. Uplifted there an ensign he is made,
And with his blood our debt immense hath paid,
What torture then affails, what keenest smart
Strikes thro' his soul, and wounds his very heart!

4. He makes atonement for the creature's sin,
He wipes away each deep contracted stain,
Wrestles beneath the curse of Sinai's law,
And all the pains of hell doth undergo.
5. He reconciles the attributes divine,
And makes each with peculiar lustre shine;
He bears our doom, sustains our heavy load,
And labours hard beneath the wrath of God.
6. Weep, weep, ye sons of men, relenting view
His sacred body rack'd and slain for you;
Behold his mangl'd person, bath'd in gore,
His pierced hands and feet so rudely tore.
7. Here look and love — The God of nature dies;
No other ransom could for sin suffice.
Learn to account all other matters dross,
And triumph only in the Saviour's cross.

XVI.

O DEAREST Saviour, please to look on me,
And draw my heart with cords of love to Thee.
O save me from the world's ensnaring bait,
And grant that I may humbly on Thee wait.

2. Thou know'st how apt I am, O Lord, to change,
How oft my thoughts upon the world do range;
Keep them, dear Jesus, keep them constantly
Steady, unshaken, ever fix'd on Thee.

3. Sometimes I taste of thy refreshing grace;
And then for other things there is no place;
My heart doth sweetly flow with love to Thee;
I prove the grace for ev'ry comer free.

4. Oh ! that I were but always in this frame;
How cou'd I love and praise my Saviour's name !
Thus, thus, O Jesus, let it ever be;
Then will I sing thy praise eternally.

XVII.

RISE up, my spouse, thy Bridegroom waits
 Unwearied at thy temple's gates
 Thy fainting soul to cheer;
 Open to me, I will thee bless;
 I'll cloath thee with my righteousness,
 And dissipate thy fear.

2. All reas'ning thoughts I will remove,
 Give thee to feel my dying love,
 Thy soul to captivate;
 Upon my head the dews distill,
 The cooling drops my locks do fill,
 While I to bless thee wait.

3. What pleasing voice is this I hear?
 Soul, 'tis the Lamb thy Master dear,
 'Tis Jesus none but he:
 Oh! bid me, Jesus, bid me come;
 And take a weary trav'ler home;
 I long to be set free.

4. Let my poor soul in Thee find rest,
 Of ev'ry burden me divest;
 Clearly thy love display;
 Screen me beneath the cooling shade,
 Which was for weary pilgrims made
 To cheer them by the way.

XVIII.

OH! how glorious is that mystery,
 Into which the Angels look and pry!
 Who can tell the height and depth,
 Know the utmost length and breadth
 Of that love, which forc'd the Lamb to die?

2. We are learners in the school of grace,
 Feeling something of the blood-bought peace;

- Tho' 'tis little that we know
Of the Saviour here below ;
Yet we soon shall see him face to face.
3. Oh ! what raptures then shall fill each tongue,
When our hearts with gladness join in one,
To sing glory to the name
Of the worthy slaughter'd Lamb,
And his grace with thankfulness to own.
4. Then the Saviour shall himself display,
And his person shall such pow'r convey ;
That our souls must leave their dross
Purg'd by virtue of the cross ;
And spring forth into eternal day.

XIX.

THE God, whose smiles we court,
Whose favours we do claim ;
Whose love alone new life imparts,
And gives the heav'nly flame ;
Is none, but the meek Lamb,
Our dear exalted Lord ;
Whose grace and spirit still remain
To bless us in his word.

2. His promise is the same
His church below to bless ;
When they assemble in his name
To supplicate his grace :
A train of sinners poor
He will not cast behind ;
But keeps his word for evermore,
And bears us on his mind.

3. To our relief he flies,
He flies from realms above ;
Answers our pray'rs in sweet replies,
And tokens of his love :

Shall we not witness bear
How faithful he hath been ;
And boldly to the world declare,
We've his salvation seen ?

4. Yes, if thou'lt help us, Lord,
Thy name we will confess ;
And speak of Christ the living word,
The Lord our righteousness,
We'll mention to his praise
The triumphs of his death ;
And sing his everlasting grace,
Ev'n with our latest breath.

XX.

WHEN to Calv'ry's mount I hasten,
And my Lamb in spirit see ;
Tortur'd, mangl'd, and forsaken,
As he there expir'd for me ;
O how sweet a prospect this is !
O how pleasant is the grace !
When I with a thousand kisses
Can his wounded corpse embrace.

2. Peter-like I then am caring
How to tabernacle here ;
His love-marks are so endearing,
Scourges, wounds and ev'ry scar :
Here alone his sheep find pasture,
Here they feed, and safely lie ;
Here no unforseen disaster
Jesu's lambs can terrify.

3. Constantly I here might center,
Did not my unstable heart
Foolishly let trifles enter,
And from my dear husband start :

Oh ! 'tis that alone that grieves me,
This alone creates my pain ;
'Tis not in his heart to leave me,
No : He changeless doth remain.

4. Oh ! my Lamb, I ask a favour,
Let my soul from henceforth be
Rooted, settled, grounded ever
On Thee to eternity.

Call me back but not in anger,
If I chance to stray from Thee ;
Timely then I shun the danger ;
Grace prevents my misery.

XXI.

W H E N by faith I see i'th garden

Jesus sweating for my soul,
Bearing on his heart my burden ;

My stout heart begins to fall :

Likewise when I see him bearing

Up the hill the heavy wood,

And the place where whips did tear him,

While he patient lamblike stood.

2. When I read this doleful story,

Oh ! it gives me great concern ;

Thus to bruise the Lord of glory,

Oh ! my inmost bowels yearn :

Sinner, come, look at him yonder ;

Then thou'lt surely love, like me,

Him, whose love than death was stronger,

Dearer than his liberty.

3. Still I love him and adore him,

While in life I am confin'd ;

I will lay my wants before him,

For I find him ever kind ;

Like us was he found in fashion

With us for to sympathize :

Oh ! his heart is all compassion :
Broken hearts he'll ne'er despise.

4. Still, O Lord, I would, like Mary,
Lie in peace at thy pierc'd feet ;
Free from life's perplexing hurry,
Thy tormented corpse to greet ;
Here I can in safety harbour ;
Here at leisure I recount
All the tedious toil and labour
Thou sustain'd'st on my account.

XXII.

A H ! my redeeming Lord,
Was ever love like thine !
For ever be that name ador'd,
Which sav'd this soul of mine ;
So deeply sunk in sin,
So proud and so perverse :
The rebel nature rul'd within,
And I obey'd its course.

2. A wanderer abroad
In sin's high-way I stray'd,
Forgetful of my dying God ;
And there had ever stay'd ;
Had He, whom I abus'd,
Forgot his careless one ;
Or his salvation me refus'd ;
The wretch had been undone.

3. But He in love pass'd by,
Which wounded me with smart ;
My blasted hopes begun to die,
And sorrow fill'd my heart :
Thus inwardly distress'd,
I sunk beneath his feet ;
And humbly smiting on my breast,
For mercy did entreat.

4. Quickly shone forth the light
 In blaze of gospel-day;
 And Christ appear'd before my sight,
 And took my sins away.
 I found my heart reliev'd,
 And stay'd upon my God,
 The gospel-record I believ'd,
 And felt the sprinkling blood

5. And now my one concern
 Shall be to tell his praise;
 And in the school of grace to learn
 Thanksgiving all my days:
 My dearest Lord, renew
 The evidencing pow'r;
 And let a melting shame ensue
 To keep me low and poor.

XXIII.

BRIDE of the Lamb, up to the skies.

Let daily praise, like incense, rise

To join with theirs above.

Worthy is he, that once was slain

A race of rebels to regain,

To have our choicest love.

2. Into this ark with great amaze

The winged Seraphs wond'ring gaze,

Redeeming love to trace;

Should mortals, who in part have found

Redemption thro' the Saviour's wounds,

Refuse to shout freegrace?

3. Cry then to our Redeemer dear,

(He loves his people's voice to hear,)

Tho' men and devils frown:

E'er long we him in clouds shall see,

Clothed in pomp and majesty,

His ransom'd flock to own.

4. Show'r down thy grace, O Jesus, now ;
Thro' every vessel let it flow,

Each sick'ning plant to chear ;
Rooted in Thee, O may we stand
Unshaken, waiting thy command,
And love thy voice to hear.

5. In spirit, Lord, let us Thee greet,
And sit with Mary at thy feet,

Weeping to see Thee torn
In back, and feet, and hands ; likewise
Press'd down with our infirmities,
And pain'd with pricking thorn.

6. Freedom to every heart proclaim ;
In every heart, O Jesus, reign ;

Each prisoner set free ;
Cure, Jesus, each disorder'd mind,
Give every one with joy to find
Eternal life in Thee.

XXIV.

HOW, my Belov'd, shall I express
The present happiness I share ;
With joy my heart can now confess,
That Jesu's name is written there.

2. I, who on husks but lately fed,
A prodigal estrang'd from God ;
Now eat the true and heav'nly bread,
And feed on more than Angel's food.

3. He clasps me in his arms of grace,
And marks me for his blood-bought-one ;
While I thro' faith behold his face,
And feel I'm his adopted son.

4. Sunk in love's bottomless abyfs,
With Saints and Angels now I join ;

I cannot but the Lamb carefs
In melody, and songs divine.

5. Yet still I inly thirst, while here,
The happy life of faith to live;
More choice and riper fruit to bear,
Till I on Sion's shore arrive.

6. Let me pursue the path begun,
Gladly therein my days to spend;
Till all my pilgrimage is done,
And faith and hope in glory end.

XXV.

DID Lameck's son an ark provide,
The little remnant safe to hide

From the o'erflowing deluge?
Which, high above the earth did rise,
Teem'd thro' the windows of the skies,
And swept away each refuge:

Their sin
Had been
Great and crying,
Sorely grieving
The Lord Jesus;

Who in patience long pursues us.

2. Like them, O Lord, I did provoke
Thy love, and the right path forsook,

Thereby thy spirit grieving:
Yea, when thou didst my heart o'ercome,
From Thee I foolishly did run

To things tho' unrelieving:

I found
No ground
To abide in,
Or reside in
Out of danger

From the hand of the avenger.

3. Put forth thy hand, (thou loving Friend,
Once in a fleshly frame confin'd,)

Which often blest'd thy people;

Pull me safe into Salem's tent,

Release me from my banishment,

And make me thy disciple :

Convert

My heart,

That my spirit

In thy merit

Still may center :

And for full salvation venture.

4. With thy pure love fill my poor heart ;

Apply thy blood to every part :

Then tho' the waters threaten,

And fiercely do my soul assail,

The gates of hell can ne'er prevail ;

I shall remain unshaken :

Till I

Do fly

To the mountain,

Where the fountain

Of rich pleasures

Flows at thy right hand in rivers.

XXVI.

WHEN to the cross I raise my eyes,
My heart is fill'd with strange surprize

My Jesus to discover ;

I bow in silence, and adore

His sacred person bath'd in gore,

And weep o'er him my lover ;

To see

How he

There doth languish

Thro' deep anguish,

Life regaining ;

Peace for sinners thus obtaining.

2. With lamblike meekness he sustains
Sin's curse, and death's most bitter pains

In lieu of guilty traitors;
He lies beneath Almighty frowns,
His heart is rent with sighs and groans;
Yet burns towards his creatures:

I thirst,

Says Christ;

While his body

Pierc'd and bloody

Love proclaimeth;

Love which never never faileth.

3. One reads it in each open'd vein;

Discerns it in each flowing stream,

While he the world redeemed:

My Lord, I own Thee my Belov'd;

Unto my heart Thou art approv'd,

And more than life esteemed;

Dear Lamb,

I am

Quite amazed,

And abas'd

Thro' thy mercy,

Love divine and tender pity.

4. With me self ever be abhorr'd;

The Nazarene my only Lord,

My heart's chief joy and comfo;

This be my portion all my days,

By faith my Saviour to embrace,

And honour him my comfort:

Adieu

To you,

Worldly pleasures;

I have treasures

In my Saviour;

I will triumph in his favour.

5. Oh ! that my God I fully knew ;
 That I his wounds might always view
 Therein to find my heaven ;
 To prove his blood the healing balm ;
 To look upon each heav'nly palm,
 And read my name engraven :

 Then I
 Would cry,
 O my Saviour,
 Thou art ever
 Most delicious,
 'Midst ten thousand lovers precious.

XXVII.

YE weary wanderers draw near,
 That know no solid peace or rest ;
 Lay by each doubt and anxious fear,
 And lean upon your Saviour's breast ;
 All's stolen fruit that can be found
 To cheer the soul on nature's ground.

2. Come, for the gospel bids you come,
 Jesus for sinners bled and died ;
 The sacred word reports there's room ;
 The Lamb he woe's you for his bride ;
 Your souls shall find a resting place
 In arms of everlasting grace.

3. The day of small things don't despise ;
 By poverty encrease your store ;
 The happy soul, that's truly wise,
 Can richer grow by being poor :
 To melt in love, to sink in shame,
 This be my wish, be that my flame !

4. Give me a sympathizing soul
 To bear thy sufferings on my heart,
 Thy pain and agonizing toil ;
 Nor let me from this vision part :

Then shall I heartily rejoyce,
And raise to Thee my grateful voice.

5. All earthly objects now give way,
Nature and creature both resign;
On Thee by faith myself I'll stay,
And taste the power of love divine:
Redemption in thy blood I've found;
My anchor's cast on sacred ground.

XXVIII.

UP to the land where Jesus reigns.

At his Almighty Father's side,
Let praises rise in highest strains:
For why? the conqueror freely died.

2. Guilty at justice's bar we stood,
Then slew the Lamb to our relief;
With garments dy'd in his own blood,
Expir'd beneath our sin and grief.

3. God's threaten'd judgments to remove,
Our ev'ry enemy to foil;
Stronger than death was Jesu's love:
Oh! come and be his cross's spoil.

4. Unsprinkled with his blood we die,
Die; never to behold his face;
In vain we to the rocks shall cry
To save us from the dire disgrace.

5. The offer'd mercy now receive;
Fix on the rock where Israel stands;
He loves the helpless to relieve;
He holds the pardon in his hands.

6. And shall he call, and we refuse?
Shall Jesus court and we deny?
How dare we thus his grace abuse?
Turn sinners, turn; why will you die?

THE God of salvation, Jehovah by name,
 Who yesterday, now, and for ever's the same;
 From earth and hell's borders me, me He hath sav'd,
 And death of its sting hath my Jesus bereav'd.

2. No ghastly appearance it now can put on;
 Of this 'tis depriv'd, for the battle is won:
 Yea, world, flesh and devil from me must recede,
 And leave me for Jesus, because he did bleed.

3. His blood is my ransom; the captive is his,
 Redeem'd from my bondage to enter on bliss;
 A son thro' my birth, by adoption an heir,
 The kingdom of glory with Jesus to share.

4. His blood my sins drowneth, and speaks them forgiv'n,
 Bought me a poor slave to be freeman of heav'n;
 And gain'd by atonement the favour divine;
 Thro' which the possession at last shall be mine.

5. His spirit, as witness, as earnest, and seal
 Of all these rich blessings, I inwardly feel;
 His whispers divine do my freedom proclaim,
 And opens an union with God and the Lamb:

6. An union whose bonds are both steadfast and sure;
 In which I thro' grace can live happy and pure;
 The bridegroom's embraces with rapture I know;
 And all thro' the blood which from Jesus did flow.

7. What tho' I'm so helpless, I know he'll supply
 My weakness with grace, as I on him rely;
 And I shall be happy the Lamb to adore,
 And praise him, now, henceforth, and for evermore.

XXX.

O MY Lamb! I've often mused
 On thy wond'rous love to me;
 How I have the same abused;
 Slighted, disregarded Thee;

To thy Church and Thee a stranger,
 Pleas'd with what, displeas'd Thee;
 Lost, yet could perceive no danger,
 Wounded, yet no wound cou'd see.

2. But unwearied Thou pursu'dst me;
 Still thy calls repeated came;
 'Till on Calvary's mount I view'd Thee
 Bearing my reproach and blame;
 Then I blush'd with shame, and sorrow'd,
 Thus to see each mangl'd limb;
 Hands, feet, side, and back all furrow'd;
 'Till blood round thy cross did swim.

3. I no more at Mary wonder,
 When I see her all in tears;
 When her ardent zeal I ponder
 To find out her Master dear;
 No: she sensibly was melted
 By her Lord's attracting pow'r:
 How could he then be neglected!
 How cou'd she but love him more!

4. Oh! my Lamb, let Mary's feeling
 Ey'ry hour in me abide;
 Sin shall then, however pleasing,
 Never me from Thee divide;
 Led by this divine sensation
 Flowing from each open'd wound,
 I shall in whatever station
 Be content, and faithful found.

XXXI.

S AVIOUR, can'st Thou love a traitor,
 Can'st Thou love a child of wrath?
 Can a hell-deserving creature
 Be the purchase of thy death?

Me, who has my hands imbrued
 In thy all-atoning blood ;
 Me, who has my Saviour wounded,
 Can'st Thou pardon, O my God ?

2. Is thy blood so efficacious,
 As to make my nature clean ?
 Is thy sacrifice so precious ;
 As to free me from my sin ?
 Can this evil filthy nature
 E'er be clean, or pure, or whole ?
 Can thy grace, my dear Creator,
 Purify my spotted soul ?

3. Hell within my soul doth center ;
 And my heart's a den of thieves :
 Merchandizing spirits enter ;
 This thy holy Spiirt grieves :
 Welt'ring in my blood, I languish
 For the twilight of thy grace ;
 Fill me, Lamb, in lieu of anguish
 With the blessing of thy peace.

4. See me in my present station ;
 View me in my grievous frame,
 Wallowing in my own corruption,
 Gasping for a Saviour's name :
 Peter-like I sink, I perish,
 Save me, Lord, or else I die ;
 With thy grace my faintings cherish ;
 View, O view me, as I lie.

5. Sin on every hand surrounds me ;
 No acquittance can I hear ;
 Pangs of unbelief confound me ;
 Oh ! my grief I cannot bear :
 Here then is my resolution
 At thy dearest feet to fall ;
 Here I'll meet with condemnation,
 Or a freedom from my thrall.

6. Now deny thy grace and mercy,
 If thou can'st, to wretched me ;
 Lay aside thy love and pity,
 If Thou can'st, and let me die :
 If I meet with condemnation,
 Justly I deserve the same ;
 If I meet with free salvation ;
 I will magnify thy name.

XXXII.

HOW blest are they whose feet have found
 The way unto Immanuel's ground ;
 And stedfastly do walk therein,
 Far from the crooked paths of sin.

2. Their weary spirits sweetly rest
 Contentedly on Jesu's breast ;
 They so much of his mercy prove,
 As that they cannot help but love.

3. In peace their hearts enjoy the Lamb,
 Who once was wrapt in human frame ;
 They view within his bloody rays
 The object of eternal praise,

4. His spirit shews their sins forgiv'n,
 And seals them for the heirs of heav'n ;
 And gives them patience here to wait,
 Till Jesus them to bliss translate.

5. He arms them 'gainst the evil day ;
 And while in heart with him they stay,
 He girds them with his mighty pow'r,
 And brings them thro' the trying hour.

6. Then rest, my soul, upon thy Lord,
 Ev'n Jesus Christ the living word ;
 And then thy joy shall ne'er decay,
 Till it break out in endless day.

XXXIII.

FAR from my God I long have stray'd,
Guided and rul'd by nature's fire;

My lusts I eagerly obey'd,
And gratify'd each vain desire:

A creature vile, a soul unclean,
A wand'rer have I been in sin.

2. Push'd on by Satan's envious rage,

Thro' paths forbidden did I rove;

Against my Lord in heart engage,

Forgetful of redeeming love:

Pleasures of sense still bore the sway,

And led the captive slave away.

3. Thus did I wander far from home,

Far from my Father's house of peace;

'Till Jesus gently bid me come,

And sway'd my soul with sov'reign grace:

He cries; "Come hither, mine thou art,"

I heard the call; it reach'd my heart.

4. Quickly to him my thoughts were drawn,

With joy my Bridegroom to embrace;

All my affections join in one

To laud him for this act of grace:

In dust and ashes I abhor

My sinful self for evermore.

5. Ah! Lord to Thee what have I done?

How oft thy calls of grace withstood?

How vainly worship'd Thee unknown,

'Till conquer'd by thee pow'r of blood!

At last thro' Thee I pardon prove,

And live a monument of love.

6. By sin no longer I'm deceiv'd;

No more it's whisperings attend;

I know in whom I have believ'd;

On whom for mercy I depend:

Grounded on Christ the corner-stone;
I'll live and die to him alone.

XXXIV.

HOW shall I speak my Saviour's worth,
Or tell the love he bears to me!
Shall I begin to sing his birth,
And follow him to Calvary?

2. Yes, this I'll tell my brethren dear,
And call them to receive his grace:
For now his righteousness is near,
And free for all the fallen race.

3. His tender arms are open still
Returning sinners to receive;
Steady his mind, and fixt his will,
To save whoever shall believe.

4. Ye pris'ners, to the refuge fly,
His wounds, a covert from the storm;
Why should you languish here and die,
When sav'd you may be from all harm?

5. He waits with pardons in his hand,
And longs that you the same might share;
Come, sinners, at his mild command,
His name forbids your hearts to fear.

XXXV.

DEAR Lord, we crave thy presence,

We thirst thy grace to prove;
We cannot bear thy absence,

Nor live without thy love;

Come, make us all one spirit

In Thee, our common Lord;

And let thy blood and merit

True gladness here afford.

2. Thy infinite compassion
 Once mov'd Thee to come down;
 To work out our salvation,
 Thou left'st thy Father's throne;
 Again repeat the favour,
 And make our spices flow;
 And let us feel the favour
 Of thy perfumes below.
3. O sweetest blessed Jesus,
 Now specify thy worth;
 And let thy name be precious,
 As ointment poured forth;
 Display thy bloody banner
 Before the eye of faith;
 And get thyself the honour,
 Both in our life and death.

XXXVI.

COME, descend, O heav'nly spirit,
 Fan each spark into a flame;

Let us blessings, Lord, inherit,
 Blessings, that we cannot name:

Whilst Hosannahs we are singing,
 May our hearts in rapture move;

Feel fresh grace in them still springing;
 Breathe the air of purest love.

2. Let us swim in grace's ocean,
 Float on that unbounded sea;

Guided into pure devotion,
 Kept from paths of error free;

On thy heav'nly manna feeding,
 Screen'd from every envious foe:

Love, O love, for sinners bleeding,
 Whither from Thee shall we go?

3. Keep us, Lord, still in communion
 Daily nearer drawn to Thee;
 Sinking in the mystick union
 Of the Church's mystery:
 Keep us, safe from each delusion,
 Well protected from all harms;
 Free from sin and all confusion:
 Circle us within thine arms.
4. Let faith view thy body broken
 For us worms upon the tree;
 Thy blood shed be our sure token,
 That, my God, w're lov'd of Thee
 Grant us fruits of thy dear off'ring;
 May our souls the blessing prove;
 Warm our hearts first with thy suff'ring,
 Then our tongues shall praise thy love.

XXXVII.

- D**EAREST Husband of thy purchas'd bride,
 From thy fulness be her wants supply'd;
 Yield to each a due increase;
 Water all the plants of grace
 With the blood-stream gushing from thy side.
2. Make thy Zion blossom like a rose;
 All her borders graciously inclose;
 Keep us undefil'd and clean,
 Free from all the spots of sin;
 Conquer in us all our inbred foes.
3. Guard thy children from the tempter's pow'r,
 'Till their warfare in the world be o'er;
 From his malice us defend;
 Keep us safe unto the end,
 Humble, happy, uncorrupt, and pure.
4. Then shall we triumphantly arise,
 Meet our Jesus gladly in the skies:

His sweet look shall quick impart
 Joys immortal to the heart;
 Tears shall vanish from the weeping eyes.

XXXVIII.

COME, seek the better part,
 Ev'n Jesus who was slain;
 Which Mary sought with all her heart,
 Till she the same did gain:
 She would the blessing share,
 Resolv'd to hear the word;
 Uncumber'd by her sister's care,
 She hung upon her Lord.

2. Unwearied at his feet
 She supplicating lay;
 Here for the blessing did she wait,
 Nor empty went away.
 His every look was dear,
 Dear to the humble saint;
 Here did she loose in love her fear;
 Here did she loose her want.

3. Her care was at an end,
 Her mis'ry must depart;
 She'd got her nearest dearest friend
 Into her house and heart.
 But cumber'd Martha cries,
 Master, how canst Thou see
 My Sister unconcerned lie;
 Oh! bid her serve with me.

4. Martha, our Lord replies,
 Thou hast a cumber'd heart;
 Thy Sister Mary, truly wise,
 Hath chose the better part.
 Come, Friends, pursue with care,
 Till Mary's path you find;
 Why should the world your hearts enslave?
 Leave Martha's things behind.

3. Arise, your garments shake,
 Put Jesu's armour on;
 Fight, 'till you happiness partake,
 Fight, 'till you gain the crown:
 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
 After your captain go;
 Who fought his way to paradise
 Thro' dreary scenes of woe.

XXXIX.

Compassionate Bridegroom, my Shepherd, and Friend,
 Thy child from the fury of Satan defend;
 Thy presence continue, thy blessing convey,
 And grant me a spirit to praise and to pray.

2. Prevent and assist me, and so shall I run;
 And perfect within me, the work Thou'st begun;
 And then let the world me reject and despise,
 Thy grace for my wants shall for ever suffice.

3. A mind quite resign'd, Lord, impart unto me,
 Affections from trifles quite weaned and free;
 May nothing take place, nor partake of my heart,
 Which may cause my Saviour, or me any smart.

4. Still go Thou before me, and guide me aright;
 Thy grace be my feeling, thy wounds my delight;
 Thy will be my pleasure, thy honour my aim;
 My element only, the blood of the Lamb.

5. This, this, be my portion; thy beauty my song;
 Thy name and thy praises still dwell on my tongue;
 Direct by thy spirit my actions and ways;
 So shall I inherit thy blessing always.

6. Amen—God Jehovah, in me now fulfill
 Whatever Thou pleasest, whate'er is thy will:
 I poor dust and ashes, my all do resign,
 And wish that my heart may be thine and not mine.

XL.

JESU, Jesu, King of saints,
Known to Thee are all my wants;
Self-convicted, self-abhor'd,
I approach Thee, dearest Lord.

2 Known to Thee whose eyes are flame,
I thy love and pity claim;
With an eye of love look down;
Help, O help me very soon.

3. Still I feel a fleshly part,
Much corruption in my heart;
Oh! I'm very vile indeed,
Of thy blood I sure have need.

4. Break, O break this heart of stone,
Form it for thy use alone;
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.

5. This be my support in need,
That Thou didst so freely bleed;
Hence, my hopes and joys arise
From thy bloody sacrifice.

6. This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am sick;
Gives me courage when I faint,
Well supplies my ev'ry want.

7. Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exercise the Shepherd's care;
Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Let me feel a constant peace.

XLI.

JESUS, vouchsafe to hear the cry
Of a poor feeble heart;

Reach out thy hand and draw me nigh;
Nor let me thence depart.

2. My state deplorable appears,
Clearly the same I see;
But yet alas! can shed no tears,
Nor feel my misery.

3. Beneath thy word, the gospel word,
Careless and cold I sit;
My heart is hard, extremely hard,
Dear Jesus, soften it.

4. To others, Lord, Thou dost convey
Thy cheering beams when crav'd;
And must I ever go away
Empty, and unreliev'd.

5. Thunder upon my heart, dear Lord,
And make each corner shake;
That I may melt beneath thy word,
And of thy bliss partake.

6. Lord, give me patience, give me more,
Untill that hour appear,
When I in heart can Thee adore,
And feel Thee inly near.

XLII.

DEAR Lord, attend my pray'r,
And all my wants relieve;
Come to my heart, and dwell Thou there,
That Thou in me may'st live.

2. In weakness I draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace;
Answer the sinners mournful cry,
And fill me with thy peace.

3. Thou read'st my naked breast,
For liberty I groan;

I sigh in Thee, my Lord, to rest,
And worship Thee alone.

4. Fain would I hate my sin,
And ponder on thy love ;

Till all be sanctified within,
And my whole heart's above.

5. If trials vex my mind,
Close to thy wounds I'll flee ;

No refuge may I elsewhere find,
No refuge but in Thee.

6. To Thee I recommend

My poor and trembling soul ;

On Thee for future grace depend,
Who art my all in all.

XLIII.

O H ! that my heart, this very hour
Might be enamour'd with thy love ;
That heav'nly sweetness, joy, and pow'r
I beg, dear Lamb, this day to prove :
O send it, that I may abide
Faithful, and walk close by thy side.

2. Send love into the sinner's heart,
That I my pardon clear may feel ;
May feel the life spring from thy smart,
Sin's deadly wounds to cure and heal :
Hear, Jesus, hear my feeble cry ;
I fainting at thy footstool lie.

3. Vain are all other helps beside,
Such favours only from Thee flow ;
Other Physicians have I try'd,
Yet only worse and worse I grow :
Give me by faith to touch thy hem,
And bid my running sore be clean.

THOU Lamb of God once slain,
 Think now upon thy pain;
 And before the mercy-seat
 Let thy merits interceed;
 Plead for us thy bloody sweat,
 Pour down blessings on our head.

2. Our souls with inmost shame
 Address thy holy name;
 Here to find thee inly near,
 Present to each waiting soul:
 Every drooping sinner cheer,
 Breathe thy spirit thro' the whole.

3. We sinners humbly crave
 Thy presence here to have;
 In this place to find Thee true
 To thy promises of grace;
 Still to own the gather'd few,
 Giving them thy life and peace.

4. Each hind'rance, Lord, remove
 By pouring in thy love;
 Let those gaping wounds of thine
 Sparkling to our hearts appear;
 With peculiar lustre shine;
 Gladden ev'ry sinner here.

5. From thy majestic throne
 In mercy, Lord, look down;
 View the souls athirst for Thee,
 Take them to thy kind embrace;
 Each adores with bended knee
 All the glories of thy grace.

6. No more we want below
 Than Thee, our God, to know;
 Thee to love with keen desire
 Soften'd thro' the pow'r of blood;

Fill'd with the angelic fire,
Fill'd with all the life of God.

XLV.

ZION, arise, thy garments shake;
Of thy dear Husband's worth partake:
Oh! call his blessings down;
Thy wants are great — But Jesus died;
He loves to see them well supply'd;
He makes thy case his own.

2. Strangers in heart we lately were,
Until our Jesus brought us near
By his attracting pow'r;
Break out all ye in songs aloud,
Who feel redemption thro' his blood,
And our High-priest adore.

3. O Jesus, now we humbly pray;
Be gracious to thy church to-day;
Thy saving health impart;
The dew of heav'n on us distill,
With love each empty vessel fill,
And cheer the drooping heart.

4. Cut ev'ry cord, that binds us here,
Us from our ev'ry hind'rance tear;
Give us a single heart:
Give grace to tread down self and sin;
Give grace eternal life to win,
E'er we from hence depart.

XLVI.

YE sinners join in praise,
To Christ your voices raise;

His due honour loud proclaim,

Who for rebels freely dy'd;

Who, for all his people's sin,

By his blood hath satisfy'd.

2. The way he pay'd to God

With drops of his own blood;

That whoever shall believe,

Life eternal may obtain;

Sinners, come—no longer grieve;

There is mercy in the Lamb.

3. Redemption he hath won,

And now excludeth none;

Far and near he doth reveal

Tokens of his pard'ning grace;

Glad he would that each shou'd feel,

Triumph in the purchas'd bliss.

4. Since then he is so kind,

Your trifles cast behind;

Dare no longer to refuse

The salvation of your Lord;

Glory not in the abuse

Of the soul-converting word.

5. He calls his children home,

And tells them there is room;

Each the pardon may receive,

Jesu's bowels inly move,

Earnests of his peace to give,

Seals of his eternal love.

6. Who starves for want of bread,

He on Christ's flesh may feed;

Let the prodigal return

Weeping to his Father's house,

Where he'll meet a heart that burns,

And a hand to help his woes.

XLVII.

I THANK Thee, O my Saviour,

That Thou so loving art;

My all I now deliver,

The purchase of thy smart:

In thy dear arm's embraces

I leave my panting soul,

To feel those healing graces,

Which make the sinner whole.

2. O let me hear continue,

Remote from all that's sin;

As one of thy retinue

Fill'd with thy love divine:

It brings a solid feeling

Of Thee, and what Thou art,

A med'cine ever healing

Unto my sinful heart.

3. I love to be still viewing

I hy body mark'd with scars;

Abundantly bedewing

The earth with blood and tears:

This causes solid thinking,

While I the sight behold;

In spirit I am sinking,

And yet my faith grows bold.

4. It sets my heart on glowing,

And melts my eyes to tears;

To see each blood-stream flowing,

'Till all so red appears:

As incense on the altar

Love flames from Jesu's smart:

Come, sinners, take your shelter

Near to his pierced heart:

5. Thence, like as from a fountain,

I drink the healing stream;

My sins, tho' as a mountain,

Sink down into a plain:

The thorny path's made even,
 The rough and crooked freight;
 My sins he hath forgiven,
 And eas'd me of that weight.

XLVIII.

AND did thy grace, O Jesus dear,
 When I was dead in sin, mine ear
 Incline to hear thy voice?

Have I forgiveness thro' thy grace?

Have I regain'd my native place?

And do I in thy name rejoice?

2. O yes! I feel I am forgiven,

I've got the antepast of heaven;

Thy spirit makes it clear:

Thy royal raiment cloaths me round;

Redemption thro' thy blood I've found;

No condemnation do I fear.

3. Yet 'fore Thee, Jesus, I must own,

I have not this salvation known

By tracing legal ways;

No: 'twas thy pow'r rais'd me from sin,

Thou didst the saving work begin;

Thine be the glory, thine the praise.

4. May I be faithful to my call;

In heart still freely give up all;

Myself to Thee resign:

When dangers threaten me around;

Invincible may I be found;

And never from thy will decline.

5. My feet with holy oil anoint,

The destin'd path, Thou dost appoint,

Gladly I then will tread:

Bedew me with a genial show'r,

Into my heart thy influence pour;

And me with manna daily feed.

6. A Single eye, a faithful heart,
 My Jesus, to thy child impart
 In ev'ry sifting hour :
 Reas'ning's tormenting thoughts prevent ;
 Still keep my eye on Thee intent,
 'Till sight my faith and hope o'erpow'r.

XLIX.

I STAND before the Lamb
 Upon the holy mount ;
 Where once he bore my shame,
 And dy'd on my account :
 Upon his wounds intent I gaze,
 And ravish'd sink in deep amaze.

2. Those clefts in hands and feet,
 The signals of his love,
 Most tenderly I greet,
 As do the saints above :
 The rock, from whence the fountain came,
 Still follows with it's glad'ning stream.

3. I feel a warm desire
 To tabernacle here ;
 'Till my whole heart's on fire
 Towards my Jesus dear :
 My faith presents him to my view
 Upon the cross in bloody hue.

4. My follies I bewail,
 The hardness of my heart ;
 Which drove each pointed nail,
 And gave his body smart :
 Altho' his murderer I've been,
 I'm ransom'd thro' the bloody scene ;

5. 'Tis here I freedom prove,
 An end of all complaint ;

The cordials of thy love
 Refresh me when I'm faint :
 Thy flesh and blood my dainties are ;
 The blessings of thy cros I share.

6. O self-debasing grace !
 To think upon his love ;
 That one so vile and base,
 Such happiness should prove.
 At last with thankfulness I taste
 The banquets of his marriage-feast.

L.

JESUS, my Redeemer dear,
 Pity my complaining ;
 Full of reasoning and fear,
 Look upon my ailing.

2. Once I walked undisturb'd,
 Fear was wholly banish'd ;
 Joyfully I heard thy word,
 Hereby was replenish'd.

3. O 'twas sweet unto my taste,
 I was tender-hearted ;
 Death's dominions were laid waste,
 Guilt from me departed.

4. 'Twas my meat and drink always,
 Thy will to be doing ;
 In my heart, the well of grace
 Ev'ry hour was flowing.

5. Now beneath thy word I stay
 Dead and unconcerned ;
 Cold I come, and go away,
 Seldom ever warmed.

6. When thy people joyful run,
 By Thee are befriended ;
 Then I, like the elder son,
 Murmuring am offended.

7. When they friendly speak to me,
Only to lay open
Ev'ry hind'rance, then I flee;
Shame to hear it spoken.
8. O my Lamb, how is my case?
Tell it me O Jesus!
Bring me to my resting-place
In thy wounds so precious.
9. Lead me, as thou dost thy flock,
Where the streams are flowing;
Fix, O fix me on the rock;
And order Thou my going.

LI.

- S**PIRIT of the living God,
Breath a sweet refreshing breeze
To encrease
Secret longings in my soul;
'Till the whole
Unto Jesus be aspiring,
And for evermore desiring
Daily fresh supplies of oil.
2. Teach me more how weak I am,
That I may thy treasures value,
And continue
'Fore thy pierced feet to bow
Very low;
And on Thee be still dependent,
Fill'd with wishes strong and ardent,
That I may thy fulness know.
3. Let me live the life of faith,
Having still the spirit's sanction,
And its unction
Me thy heav'nly will to teach;

And to preach
 To my heart the Saviour's passion;
 That I may obtain possession
 Of love's blessings all and each.

4. Keep me in connection, Lord,
 Feeling still the nearest union,
 And communion,

With thy person on the tree;
 Let me be
 Never cool towards thy suff'ring,
 Nor indifferent to that off'ring,
 Which for ever perfects me.

5. Thy atonement on the cross,
 Which remains the herald's subject,
 And the object

Of thy people's faith and love,
 Doth me move
 To be thine in soul and body,
 Viewing still thy person bloody;
 'Till I reach the realms above!

LII.

SAVIOUR, let thy sacred blood
 Still afford me solid feelings;

Each day healing
 All my bruises, and each wound
 Which is found

Thro' each sinful disposition
 Not abiding in subjection

To thy grace, which sin confounds.

2. Let my very feeble frame,
 For thy use by blood procured,
 Be secured

From the strong attacks of sin;
 And within

Let me have a sweet sensation
Of the Lamb, and his salvation,
Whom I love tho' yet unseen.

3. Him I heartily embrace;
And real happiness inherit

In his merit;
Who in flesh, my Lord and God,
On the wood

Curse and wrath from me suspended;
By whose love I'm apprehended,
As the purchase of his blood:

4. Here I rest, and am content,
Washing in the blood of Jesus,

Who is precious
And quite lovely to my heart:
In his smart

I experience my heaven,
Peace proclaim'd, and sins forgiven:
Great's the joy he doth impart:

5. I'm enamour'd with my Lord,
While in him I do discover
A true lover;

Near unto whose streaming side
I'll abide;

That I may rejoice for ever,
In so good, so kind a Saviour;
And commence his faithful bride.

LIII.

THE fatal stroke who can relate,
Which man from God did separate?

O sin, what hast thou done!
How hast thou overspread our frame,
Diffus'd thy poison thro' each vein;
Usurp'd Jehovah's throne!

2. Chastiz'd for Thee, the chosen tribes
 Sat down by Babel's river's sides,
 And there in exile moan'd;
 Grieving their servitude to feel,
 That strangers over them should rule
 And mock, while they thus groan'd.
- 3 They then remember'd the kind hand,
 Which brought their Father's from the land
 Of bondage and distress;
 Which led them thro' the pathless waves,
 Which prov'd the harden'd tyrant's grave,
 Who follow'd them t' oppress.
4. Their harps, which once melodious rung,
 Neglected on the bushes hung;
 In tears they wept aloud
 To see their Zion thus forlorn,
 The object of the Heathen's scorn,
 Forfaken by her God.
5. Their grief to aggravate the more,
 The scornful Heathens urg'd them fore
 A Zion's song to sing;
 O'erwhelm'd in tears, they sighing cry,
 We cannot bear to sing; for why?
 We have provok'd our King.
6. Once were we his peculiar care;
 On eagle's wings he did us bear
 Unhurt thro' dangers round;
 But Oh! we foolishly did rove,
 Leaving the object of our love;
 Who now has justly frown'd.
7. Come, Brethren, come, reflect a while,
 Once they like us enjoy'd the smile
 Of a deliv'ring God;
 When he the raging waves did part,
 Celestial joy o'erflow'd each heart;
 They sung his praise aloud.

2. Oh ! that in heart none may draw back ;
 So shall we ne'er his favours lack,
 But feel them ever new :
 Press on, and we the prize shall win ;
 Unfold to him each grief within ;
 He's ever ever true.

LIV.

WHILE my Jesus I'm possessing,
 Great's the happiness I know ;
 While his corpse I am caressing,
 Sweetest odours round me flow ;
 Happy I'm in his embraces,
 Proving all his kisses sweet ;
 Singing never-ceasing praises,
 Mary-like before his feet.

2. Oh ! how happy are the moments,
 Which I here in transport spend ;
 Life deriving from his torments,
 Who remains the sinner's Friend ;
 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
 How the blood flows from each vein ;
 Ev'ry stream, my soul bedewing,
 Mortifies the carnal flame.

3. Really blessed is the portion
 Destin'd me by sov'reign grace ;
 Still to view divine compassion
 In the Saviour's bruised face ;
 'Tis my fixed resolution
 Jesus Christ my Lord to love ;
 At his feet to fix my station,
 Nor from thence a hair's breadth move.

4. Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon my Lamb I gaze ;
 Love I much, I've more forgiven ;
 I'm a miracle of grace ;

Fill'd with sinner-like contrition,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 Happy in the sweet fruition
 Of my Saviour's painful death.

5. From his pierc'd and wounded body
 Issu'd streams of sacred gore;
 From his hands and feet so bloody
 Flow'd a med'cine for each sore:
 From his side, that fountain precious,
 Pardons with the blood did flow;
 This to taste is most delicious,
 Causing all within to glow.

6. May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And from hence salvation draw:
 May I have the spirit's unction
 Filling me with holy shame;
 Still retain a close connection
 With the person of the Lamb.

· LV.

JESUS, how glorious was the day,
 When Thou didst my release proclaim
 Sweetly I sung the hours away;
 I sung salvation thro' thy name.

2. I wonder'd how the careless crowd
 Senseless could sleep away their day;
 So strong thy love in my heart flow'd,
 Such solid peace it did convey.

3. Close with thy flock I was combin'd,
 Nought could my heart from their's divide;
 By blood's cementing power join'd,
 With them I could have liv'd and dy'd.

4. Beneath thy word refresh'd I stood;
 Thy word to me with power came;

Eager I drunk the healing blood,
Surpriz'd to feel th' enliv'ning flame.

5. Scatter'd the mists of nature's night,
Thou bidst my enemies be gone;
Chearful I walked in thy light,
Nor did my fun at all go down.

6. But ah ! where am I now ; ah where !
How is it, that I'm grown so cold ?
The poison still lies lurking here,
Unwilling 'tis to lose its hold.

7. This is my hope, O Jesus, when
My nearest dearest things appear ;
I call, I sigh for Thee ev'n then ;
Nor would I feel thy rival there.

8. Sometimes I feel my sky is clear,
And drink, until my cup flow o'er ;
Then do I lose my ev'ry fear,
And feel the Saviour's strength'ning pow'r.

9. O Jesus, let it still be thus ;
This favour let me ever prove ;
Fix me for ever at thy cross,
And bind me there with cords of love.

LVI.

GROUND, O ground me on the Lamb ;
Other Saviours I disclaim ;
Fix my heart on Thee to stay ;
Do it, Lord, without delay.

2. Empty is created good,
I want more substantial food ;
All is vanity beside
Jesus and him crucify'd.

3. Fruitless is my search to find
True serenity of mind ;

THU I HAVE with Jesus been,
And his smiling face have seen.

4. In thy presence may I dwell,
Subject to thy holy will;
Show'r on me thy pow'r divine;
Mortify the man of sin.

5. While I traverse here on earth,
Thy kind influence on me breathe;
Reconcil'd to me appear,
And thy righteousness bring near.

6. Grant me still in grace to grow,
While a pilgrim here below;
Let me by thy spirit move,
And with all my heart Thee love.

LVII.

WHAT'S this melodious sound I hear?
How doth it charm my very heart!

How pleasing is it to my ear!
It quite removes my pain and smart;
The language of this heav'nly dove
Speaks nothing to my soul but love.

2. Thou'rt welcome to my fainting heart;
My love-sick soul doth Thee embrace;
Thrice welcome to my soul Thou art;
Oh! fix in me thy dwelling-place:
The glories of my Lord display,
Nor suffer me again to stray.

3. Then, when this tedious life is o'er,
Free from the fierce attacks of sin,
Out of the reach of Satan's pow'r,
I shall with my dear Master reign:
Blest by his presence, I shall raise
My voice exalted to his praise.

LVIII.

ZION, awake ; arise, arise ;
 Thy sun in its meridian stands ;
 The clouds disperse, each shadow flies ;
 Thou'rt call'd to leave thy native land.

2. Put on the strength of Jesus now,
 Who by his might his people saves ;
 Fearless Thou then unhurt shalt go,
 Upborn o'er life's tempestuous waves .

3. No more th' uncircumcised crew
 Thy peaceful borders need molest ;
 Prove to thy Husband ever true ;
 Then wilt Thou feel his people's rest.

4. Arise, thy filthy garments shake ,
 In Jesu's marriage-room sit down ;
 Thou'rt call'd choice dainties to partake,
 A heav'n, a Jesus, and a crown.

5. Loose, Zion's captive daughter, loose
 The cursed chains of self and sin ;
 Thou'rt call'd to be no earthly spouse ;
 Thou art all glorious within.

6. Get fresh supplies of oil each day ;
 Stand ready for the midnight-call ;
 Let nothing here command thy stay ;
 Let Jesus be thy all in all.

LIX.

O DEAREST Lord, give me a heart
 That's all in flame for Thee ;
 That, thro' thy tedious toil and smart,
 My soul may happy be.

2. I want, O Lord, from sin to flee,
 And in thy wounds to rest ;

Bid me by faith come near to Thee,
And lean upon thy breast.

3. Still let a sense of what Thou'lt done
In my hard heart be felt ;

That by the love to me Thou'lt shewn
My inmost soul may melt.

4. Oh ! may I never never faint,
Refresh'd by streams of love ;

Till in thy glory, as a saint,
I live with those above.

5. Oh ! may I now my all give up
To Thee, my dearest Lord ;

And wait with all thy saints to sup
Around the festal board.

LX.

A H ! Lord, how faithless is my heart,
How very apt from Thee to stray !

Just like a broken bow I start,
And nature strives to bear the sway :

Was ever one so vile, so bless'd ;
So foul, yet by the Lamb carefs'd !

2. Forbid, my Lord, each vain desire,
And bind my passions to thy cross ;

Quench all the sparks of nature's fire,
And bid me count my gain but loss ;

Lord Jesus, tear each idol down,
And stablish in my heart thy throne.

3. Grace, grace shall wipe away my tears,
And speak the tempest to a calm ;

Shall warm my heart, and charm my fears,
And prove a never-failing balm :

The maladies of sin remove,

And fill my soul with perfect love.

4. Henceforth I'd serve Thee, if Thou'lt please
 To gird me with a heav'nly pow'r ;
 I'd sing the glories of thy grace,
 Till all my pilgrimage be o'er :
 With hallow'd fire inspire my tongue,
 And love shall be my endless song.

LXI.

NOTHING in this world I want,
 No treasure here beneath ;
 Only for Thee, Lord, I pant,
 For Thee alone I breathe :
 Wipe away my nature's sin,
 Thy image to my breast restore ;
 Thou alone canst make me clean,
 And bid me sin no more.

2. Thou invitest me to come
 To share thy people's rest ;
 Poor in spirit, I presume
 To press unto the feast :
 Justifying faith impart,
 And cloath me with thy righteousness ;
 In the fountain dip my heart,
 And sign my glad release.

3. Fill me with thy perfect love,
 And answer each complaint ;
 Unbelieving thoughts remove,
 And banish all my want :
 Lord, enable me by grace
 My ev'ry weight to lay aside ;
 Patiently to run my race,
 Till I become thy bride.

LXII.

WHAT shall I render to the Lord.
 For all the griefs and curse endur'd
 For me, when veil'd in clay ?

How shall I speak his wondrous grace ?
Or how return him proper praise ?

Alas ! the debt I ne'er can pay.

2. No word, nor work of mine could move
The Lord to manifest his love,

Or chuse me for his spouse ;

No : 'twas thro' grace and grace alone

He claim'd the rebel for his own,

And brought me to his marriage-house.

3. Beneath his shadow I sit down ;

And call Immanuel my own,

And on his dainties feast ;

His banner over me is love,

And lost in extasy, I prove

His fruit delightful to my taste.

4. Since Jesus underwent the toil

For me, and I enjoy the spoil

Of all his smart and pain :

Selfish vain pleas must ever cease,

And I, indebted to his grace,

Proclaim all glory to his name.

LXIII.

C OME, come sinners, view your Jesus yonder
Hanging up 'twixt earth and skies ;

See his back with lashes torn asunder ;

Hear, oh ! hear his mournful cries :

By this sight a sinner dead is quicken'd ;

Nature's springs impure are hereby weaken'd ;

This the laver and the pool,

Where each leper is made whole !

2 They, who feel and keep this sweet sensation,

Daily bask in sunny beams ;

They covet no other habitation,

Thirst to taste no other streams .

True content from this alone commences,
This to us our heaven evidences ;

Here we reas'ning lose and fear :
Happy souls, who anchor here.

3. Still, O Jesus, for thy church be caring ;
Her minutest wants supply ;

Be with purple oil each heart still chearing,
Till she quit mortality :

Of each weight may she be more divested ;
Live beneath thy scepter unmolested ;

In thy matchless radiance shine,
Proving her descent divine.

4. Cheer thy chosen witnesses, O Jesus,
With pure oil out of thy horn ;

That with joy they may to distant places

Bear thy name thro' mocks and scorn:

Let them on thy arm still lean unshaken,

Till they from their pilgrimage are taken

To unite the countless crowd,

Who still sing, and cry aloud

" Glory to the Lord our God.

LXIV.

WHAT language's this I hear,
This kind salute of grace ;

Which whispers in my ear

The grateful words of peace ?

Hail ! blessed Lord, 'tis thy sweet voice

Which bids me in thy blood rejoice.

2. Thou art my chief delight,

A lovely Friend indeed ;

Quite precious in my sight,

My help in ev'ry need :

Hereby I'm strengthen'd in the way,

And thank Thee for this gospel-day.

3. Unworthy as I am,
And base in my own eyes;
On my account the Lamb
Ascends the upper skies :
Assumes at God's right hand a seat
And grants me at his feet to sit.
4. My great High-priest is gone
Into the holy-place ;
The curtain is withdrawn,
Which veil'd his lovely face :
The passage now is clear and free ;
The veil is rent for wretched me.
5. Before his God he stands
With incense of his own ;
And lifts his priestly hands
Up to the Father's throne :
Pours out his soul for me in pray'r,
An object of his special care.
6. He points unto his side,
To ev'ry bruise and wound ;
And constantly employ'd
Wrestling in pray'r he's found :
Wrestling for me the suit he gains ;
Pardon and peace and heav'n obtains.

LXV.

THY endless love how shall I sing,
Or praise Thee, my victorious King ?
The myst'ry is too great ;
Should nature all in consort join
To assist this feeble heart of mine,
The anthem would not be compleat.

2. For when I scan thy mercies o'er,
That immense deep without a shore,
I sink, I'm in amaze ;

What's one poor drop to that vast sea,
Which flow'd from all eternity ?

On that I'll look and melt and gaze.

3. Fill me with streams of flowing love,
Till I shall tread the courts above

With unconceiv'd delight ;

There love shall strike each willing string,
And saints and angels ever sing ;

And faith shall then be lost in sight.

4. Each moment keep me on my guard,
Eying the sure the great reward,

Till all my toil be o'er ;

Then shall I solace in thy love,

And praise Thee with thy saints above,

Where griefs and sorrows are no more.

LXVI.

QUITE happy is the man who feels
The Saviour nigh his heart ;

To him the Lamb himself reveals

With all his wounds and smart :

Such fellowship that christian proves ;

He weeps and sings, believes and loves :

And thus o'erwhelm'd in rapture sweet,

He clings around his feet.

2. A tender shame o'erspreads my mind,

And blushes fill my face ;

I find my heart with warmth inclin'd

To station near the place,

Where Jesus paid my ransom-price,

And gave himself a sacrifice ;

Near to the streaming cross's tree

I ever long to be.

3. 'Tis here with happy John I view

His body mark'd with scars ;

And Mary-like the earth bedew

With floods of sacred tears :

I'm ravish'd with the charming sight ;
 The Lamb, the Lamb is my delight ;
 The glory of the Trinity
 In him distinct I see.

4. Free from the noisy busy crowd,
 Here would I ever stay ;
 And live in union with God,
 With Jesus night and day :
 I'll sing unwearied of his love,
 Till to my upper house I move ;
 And then in higher notes of praise,
 My heart to him I'll raise.

LXVII.

SINNERS, behold the pierced Lamb ;
 For you he hung upon the stem :
 Behold him by the eye of faith ;
 For life doth issue from his death.

2. Salvation's well wide open stands ;
 And blood-streams run from feet and hands ;
 The open'd side doth richly flow,
 From whence with joy we water draw :

3. Water to quench our parching thirst,
 To cleanse and make us fit for Christ ;
 To allay our nature's fire within,
 And purify the soul from sin.

4. Jesus alone true life imparts,
 And medicine for all wounded hearts ;
 With balm supplies for every sore,
 And works a speedy perfect cure.

5. One look, to him upon the pole,
 Revives and heals the sin-stung soul :
 Relieves the weary, and the faint,
 The tempted, and each mourner's want.

6. Come then, Thou great High-priest apply
 To us this sovereign remedy ;

That we the blessings of thy death
May antedate below by faith.

LXVIII.

THROUGHOUT the Saviour's life we trace
Nothing, but shame and deep disgrace ;

No period else is seen ;

Till he a spotless victim fell,

Tasting in soul a painful hell,

Crush'd by the creature's sin.

2. On the cold ground, methinks, I see

My Jesus kneel and pray for me ;

For this I him adore ;

Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,

Blood-drops did force their passage out

Thro' ev'ry open'd pore.

3. A pricking crown his temples bore ;

His back with lashes all was tore,

Till one the bones might see ;

Mocking they push'd him here and there,

Marking his way with blood and tears,

Press'd by the heavy tree.

4. Thus up the hill he painful came ;

Round him they mock, and make their game ;

At length his cross they rear :

And can you see the mighty God

Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,

Without a thankful tear ?

5. Thus veiled in humanity,

He dies in anguish on the tree ;

What tongue his griefs can tell ?

The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline ;

The mourning sun refus'd to shine,

When the Creator fell.

6. Shout, Brethren, shout in songs divine :

He drank the gall, to give us wine

To quench our parching thirst :

Seraphs, advance your voices higher ;
Bride of the Lamb, unite the quire,
And laud thy precious Christ !

LXIX.

SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit
Sprinkled with redeeming blood ;
And my weary troubled spirit
Now finds rest in Thee, my God :
I am safe, and I am happy,
Whilst in thy dear arms I lie ;
Sin and satan cannot hurt me,
Whilst the Saviour is so nigh.

2. Now I'll sing of Jesu's merit,
Tell the world of his dear name ;
That if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same :
He that asketh, soon receiveth,
He that seeks, is sure to find ;
Come, for whoso'er believeth
He will never cast behind.

3. Now our counsellor is pleading
With his Father, and our God ;
Now for us he's interceeding
As the purchase of his blood :
Hear ; methinks, I hear him praying,
Father, save them, I have dy'd ;
And the Father answers saying,
They are freely justify'd.

LXX.

STRANGERS and sojourners below,
We travel thro' this wilderness ;
Seeking the promis'd rest to know
In Christ, the fountain of true bliss :
We seek a place beyond the skies,
An everlasting paradise.

2. In this pursuit we stand in need
Of daily fresh supplies of grace ;
Our souls with manna Christ must feed,
While we his leading footsteps trace :
So shall each pilgrim gladly move
Onward unto his home above.

3. No earthly joy is worth our stay,
Or struggle for another breath ;
These comforts vanish and decay,
And yield no true solace in death :
While others vain delights pursue,
We taste God's love for ever new.

4. What tho' the world our souls besiege,
And all the fiends of hell combine
Together with our flesh in league,
Against the family divine :
Greater is he whose pow'r we claim,
Than all our adverse foes can name.

5. His cross inflicts the deadly blow,
And crucifies each rebel sin ;
Peace love and joy hence richly flow,
And cause sweet melody within :
Dependent on the God of pow'r,
We glory in a suff'ring hour.

6. 'Tis here we fix the eye of faith,
And giant-like our course we run ;
With steadiness pursue the path,
With courage to the mark press on :
Till we obtain the wished-for prize,
And take our place above the skies.

7. The new Jerusalem appears,
Her citizens resplendent shine ;
For God hath wip'd away their tears,
And fill'd them with the life divine :
With them we shall his glory see,
And praise him thro' eternity.

LXXI.

SEE Jesus, our deliv'rer great,
 Rising his vict'ry to compleat;
 In vain's the seal and stone!
 O grave, where is thy victory?
 Here, here, thy mighty conqu'ror see
 Rising, he leaves the guarded tomb.

2. A while he with his favourites stay'd;
 Strength to their feeble faith convey'd;
 Then mounts the starry sky;
 The heav'ns with acclamations ring
 To welcome their victorious King,
 And shout aloud his victory.

3. Mindful of all thy favours, now
 In gratitude we prostrate bow
 Before thy loving face;
 Give all, who are assembled here,
 To feel thy resurrection's pow'r;
 And sweetly sing redeeming grace.

4. Clearly to every heart display
 Thy gaping bloody wounds this day;
 Each drooping heart enflame:
 Refresh'd we'll then unwearied go
 Along this wilderness below;
 And spread abroad thy righteous fame.

5. Jesus, when will the hour appear,
 That we thy pow'rful call shall hear,
 And round thy throne attend;
 When shall we see Thee face to face,
 And join above to sing thy praise,
 Eternity therein to spend.

LXXII.

WHEN first conviction seiz'd my heart,
 I struggl'd to unloose the chain;
 This but the more increas'd my smart,
 And prov'd my efforts all in vain:

Passive at length I did resign,
And quickly found redemption mine.

2. With joy my heart did move along,
Blest with the principle divine;
The Lamb the burden of my song,
Vouchsaf'd with warmth on me to shine:
I felt the sweets of love increase;
Quite happy were my infant days!

3. A while I on these blessings fed,
And deem'd my mountain very strong;
Till all the sense of love was dead,
The tokens of his favour gone:
Reas'ning again my mind oppress'd,
And sorrow fill'd my pensive breast.

4. Tried was my faith, as in the fire;
No more I could on feelings lean;
Nor build my hopes on past desire,
Nor on the best inherent frame:
My faith no more on these could stand,
Nor live on present stock in hand.

5. 'Twas then the spirit of the Lamb,
Within my heart assum'd his place;
And glorified Immanuel's name,
And stamp'd me with his seal of grace;
The myst'ry from the world conceal'd,
Distinctly to my soul reveal'd:

6. The holy mystery of faith,
Unlock'd, unveil'd, I then did prove;
And grounded on my Saviour's death,
No more I doubted of his love:
Cover'd with self-abasing shame,
Free-grace I loudly did proclaim.

LXXIII.

O THOU tender loving Jesus,
 Now thy saving grace impart;
 From the world and satan save us,
 Save us from our evil heart :
 Throw thy arms in mercy open,
 Bid, O bid us, Jesus, come ;
 Let our flinty hearts be broken
 Falling on the corner-stone.

2. Here for ever let us center
 Steady, tho' assail'd by sin ;
 Forward may we stoutly venture,
 Till eternal life we win :
 Banish ev'ry reas'ning scruple ;
 Scatter ev'ry gath'ring cloud ;
 Our poor hearts, O Jesus, sprinkle
 With thy precious precious blood.

3. When our chearing feelings sicken,
 And a veil our souls o'erspreads ;
 Then with grace our spirits quicken
 To raise up our drooping heads :
 Would our foolish hearts e'er wander
 From the source of real joy ?
 Call us back, but not in anger,
 Lest thy fury us destroy.

4. Arm us from thy heav'nly storehouse ;
 Still display thy banner high ;
 March victorious on before us ;
 Make the world and Satan fly :
 When thy messenger araigns us
 To close up our weary eyes ;
 In that needy hour sustain us,
 Till we grasp the heav'nly prize,

LXXIV.

O JESU, my God,
Come make thine abode
Within my poor heart :

O Jesu, come quickly, a Saviour Thou art.

2. Salvation I need,
I want to be freed
From all my distress ;

And feel in my heart the rich blessings of peace.

3. I thirst to be thine,
'To feel Thee within
Diffusing abroad

Thy love, that my heart may ascend unto God.

4. This, Lord, Thou canst do,
And give me to know
My sins are forgiv'n ;

My treasure laid up in the kingdom of heav'n.

5. Take me as I am,
Thy property claim ;
My nature refine,

And form my affections and tempers divine.

6. No more would I breath
For objects beneath ;
But live to thy praise,

Advancing in knowledge and growing in grace.

LXXV.

WHAT object's this, which meets my eyes
From out Jerusalem's gate,
Which fills my mind with such surprize,
As wonder to create ?

2. Who can it be that groans beneath
A cross of massy wood ;

Whose soul's o'erwhelm'd in pains of death,
And body's dropping blood ?

3. Is this the man ? can this be he,
The Seers have foretold,
Shou'd with transgressors number'd be,
And for their crimes be sold ?
4. Yes, now I know 'tis he, 'tis he !
Ev'n Jesus, God's dear Son ;
Wrapt in mortality to die
For crimes, that I had done.
5. O blessed sight, O lovely form
To sinful souls like me ?
I'll creep besides him as a worm,
And see him bleed for me.
6. I'll hear his groans and view each wound,
Until, with happy John,
I on his breast a place have found
Sweetly to lean upon.

LXXVI.

THE smart the anguish which I feel
Within my heart, who knows ?
When Jesus doth himself conceal,
When he himself withdraws.

2. Veil'd in a cloud my spirits fail ;
In sick'ning air I breathe ;
Mournful I tread the darksome vale,
The gloomy shades of death.
3. For ah ! the comforter's withdrawn ;
My golden days are past ;
In spirit languishing I groan,
And own the scourge's just.
4. Sin leaves it's bitter pangs behind,
And steals away my peace ;
Distracts with warring ills my mind,
And masks my Saviour's face.

5. I have defil'd my marriage-bed,
And made my spouse depart ;
Presuming in the strength I had,
I've griev'd my Bridegroom's heart.

6. My garments I have greatly stain'd,
And pierc'd my tender Lamb ;
For this my heart is inly pain'd,
And fill'd with utmost shame.

7. When shall thy countenance appear,
And I my joy regain ?
When shall I thy sweet whispers hear,
And feel thy love again ?

8. Physician, deeper daily probe
The painful noisome sore ;
And then apply the healing blood,
And I shall weep no more.

LXXVII.

JESUS, let me taste thy grace,
And feel thy purest love ;
Guard me in this wilderness,
And all my foes remove ;
Ev'ry hindrance, Lord, withdraw,
And let me reach the promis'd land ;
And while I sojourn here below,
Protect me with thy hand.

2. Worldly pleasures all are vain ;
Yet I the trifles lov'd :
Now I do their charms disdain ;
Their emptiness I've prov'd :
Only in thy grace I trust,
And feel the pleasures of thy love ;
Only in thy merits boast,
And in Thee live and move.

3. I was Satan's willing slave,
 Till Christ, my heav'nly King,
 Pleas'd was my soul to save
 From all the pow'r of sin :
 Me he rais'd from deep despair,
 And shew'd to me his smiling face ;
 Heard my sighs and mournful pray'r,
 And deck'd me with his grace.

LXXVIII.

I THANK Thee, high and mighty One,
 That Thou didst give thy only Son,
 To travail in my stead ;
 I thank Thee for that love divine,
 Thro' which redemption's grace was mine
 In Christ, before the world was made.

2. I thank Thee, Jesus, holy Lamb,
 For all thy sufferings and pain
 To purchase my relief ;
 I thank Thee with unfeigned praise,
 For all thy bounteous acts of grace,
 The purchas'd blessings of thy grief.

3. I thank Thee, Spirit, for thy care ;
 Thou found'st the roving wanderer
 Amidst the ways of sin :
 And gently call'dst me to embrace
 Full absolution, perfect peace ;
 And fixt thy residence within.

4. Continue still thy gracious aid ;
 My soul to living waters lead
 My thirst to satisfy ;
 Conduct me thro' this world of strife ;
 Be with me on the verge of life ;
 And blest me, Saviour, when I die.

LXXIX.

OH! wicked heart, Thou enemy,
 Why dost thou vex and trouble me?
 Dear Lamb, what shall I do?
 I find I must, at thy pierc'd feet,
 A helpless sinner ever sit,
 Till Thou the way me shew.

2. Sometimes I think no more I'll doubt,
 And half espy the passage out
 Unto my resting-place;
 There would my soul unshaken rest,
 Peaceful on my dear Husband's breast,
 And live in his embrace.

3. Sometimes I think I faintly see
 His wounds and scars were made for me,
 For me the streams flow'd down
 Sweet liberty from thence doth flow;
 With ardent love my heart doth glow
 To God's beloved Son.

4. Apply thy merits closer still,
 That I more sensibly may feel
 That I am thine alone;
 Oh! may I henceforth bid adieu
 To every idol here below;
 And stoutly say, be gone.

LXXX.

IS it so, that I have tasted
 Of the Saviour's dying love?
 Who had all my substance wasted,
 And did prodigal-like rove
 Far from Jesu's shady arbour;
 And on husks contented fed,
 Knowing not that in his harbour
 There for all was store of bread.

2. May I now to him in spirit
 Chearfully arise, and go ;
 Till I feel his blood and merit
 Warm my heart, and thro' me flow :
 For I clearly am convinced
 Short hereof I am not safe ;
 Tho' he dy'd ; yet, if not cleansed,
 I'm an object of his wrath.
3. Oh ! my Lamb, then bring me to Thee ;
 Warm me with thy fire throughout ;
 Let thy blood flow thro' and thro' me ;
 Find each hidden corner out :
 Draw my heart from all that's evil,
 Fix it firm on things above ;
 Conqueror over death and devil,
 Aiming at thy heav'n of love.
4. Ev'ry glowing ardour heighten,
 Kindl'd by celestial fire ;
 Ev'ry glim'ring taper brighten,
 Strengthen ev'ry weak desire :
 Banish from my heart all doubting,
 Wipe all tears from off my face ;
 Bring the topstone forth with shouting.
 Shouting unto it free-grace.

LXXXI.

PLEASURES of sense be gone,
 Adieu each carnal flame !
 Your pleasing vanities I shun
 With holy just disdain :
 Forbear to tempt me thus,
 Your efforts are in vain ;
 Blind world ! I count thy treasures dross,
 When mention'd with the Lamb.

2. Thy gaudy shews I hate,
 Thy worthless toys despise;
 I prove my happiness compleat
 In Jesu's sacrifice:
 No more myself I please
 With objects that are seen;
 From such an empty search I cease,
 And scorn the ways of sin.

3. The joys of earth I wave,
 And these no more admire;
 No more I yield myself a slave
 To fleshly vain desire;
 If these should seem to rise,
 The remedy is near;
 To Jesu's wounds I turn my eyes,
 And find my refuge there.

4. The Lamb did freely bleed,
 To sanctify my frame;
 I find this help in ev'ry need,
 And glory in his name:
 From the ungodly throng
 Thro' grace he sets me free;
 The stronger dispossest the strong,
 And Jesus reigns in me.

5. Thus tho I'm weak and faint,
 Helpless, and nought can do;
 Jesus is mine, what can I want,
 His arm shall bring me thro':
 Thro' him I victory gain,
 And triumph in his pow'r;
 Subdue my foes in Jesu's name,
 And stand in danger's hour.

LXXXII.

CONVINC'D of sin, O Lamb of God,
 I languish for thy precious blood;

Awaken'd in my heart to feel
Distress, which nought but grace can heal.

2. Tho' in religion I drag on,
Tis blindfold, and my God's unknown :
I sigh, I grieve, and oft am near
The gloomy borders of despair.

3. When others I rejoicing see,
It aggravates my misery ;
And striving to rejoice with them,
Does but me fill with after shame.

4. My gestures grave, and faint-like face
Do but the more betray my case ;
Respite of ease, or short or long,
My bondage only do prolong.

5. There's nought, I'm sure, can do me good
But sprinkling with the healing blood :
If that's not mine, and freely giv'n ;
I may come near, but not find heav'n.

6. Sometimes I think, at mercy's door
I'll waiting knock, and not give o'er ;
Until my heav'nly suit I gain,
And find deliv'rance from my pain.

7. But soon thro' unbelief I faint,
And fall o'erwhelmed with my want ;
And when a while I've mourning lain,
I rise, my chains to hug again.

8. But yet in Christ, this faith I have,
The world he made, he died to save ;
And was as truly God the Son,
Upon the cross, as on the throne :

9. And that he can to th' utmost save
All who in God thro' him believe ;
But here I stop, I cannot see
He lov'd and gave himself for me.

10. Yet fain I in this faith would wait
A humble beggar at his feet ;

And suppliant-like, throughout my days,
Petition for his saving grace.

LXXXIII.

THE Saviour's love once truly known,
The man of sin and self pulls down;
Humbles the sinner at his feet;
And makes his wounds and passion sweet.

2. Bow'd down in shame, we gladly own
The work to be the Lord's alone;
To him our very all we owe,
What of ourselves, or God we know.

3. Our works no longer then we praise,
Nothing extol, but Jesu's grace;
Free and unmerited, we prove
The boundless height and depth of love.

4. While thus we learn the needful part;
Shame fills, love warms the grateful heart:
While on his suffering form we muse,
Our cares and very thoughts we lose.

5. We stand amaz'd, and wonder why
The Saviour could for sinners die;
We blush to see him in his blood;
Yet here we look, and drop our load.

6. All blessings from the cross proceed;
Thither we look in all our need;
And Christ the heav'nly object find,
Enough to captivate mankind.

7. Then, O my soul, how canst thou be
So cold to him, who dy'd for thee!
How canst thou chuse but love his name,
And glow with holy fervent flame?

LXXXIV.

H I M, who life for me regained,
 Willingly I do adore;
 Glory in the peace obtained,
 Triumph in the Saviour's pow'r:
 Saints and Angels bow before him,
 All his subjects do adore him;

On the throne
 God's dear Son

Ever shall continue:

Still in heart let him be praised,
 Who our sins and guilt erased.

2. While each herald Thee proclaimeth,
 Pardon unto Israel give;

What in us of self remaineth,
 Jesus, give it no reprieve:

Crucify each vile affection;
 Let us feel our sure election;

To each heart
 Grace impart;

That we may give glory
 Unto Thee, who giv'st salvation,
 Ever paying adoration.

3. While on earth we are sojourning,
 Let thy hand our guardian be;

Still afford a sweet discerning
 Of thyself upon the tree;

Save us by thy mighty power,
 Heav'nly blessings on us shower;

From above
 Send thy love,

O Thou blest redeemer!
 Then aloud our voices raising,
 Thee we shall be ever praising.

LXXXV.

THE one thing needful, that good part,
Which Mary chose with all her heart,
I would pursue with heart and mind ;
And seek unwearied till I find.

2. But Oh ! I'm blind and ignorant ;
The spirit of the Lord I want
To guide me in the narrow road,
That leads to happiness and God.

3. O Lord, my God, to Thee I pray,
Teach me to know and find the way
How I may have my sins forgiv'n,
And safe and surely get to heav'n.

4. My mind enlighten with thy light ;
That I may understand aright
The glorious gospel's mystery,
Which shews the way to heav'n and Thee.

5. Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,
That goodly pearl of so great price.
No other way, but Christ, there is
To endless happiness and bliss.

6. O Jesus Christ, my Lord, and God,
Who hast redeem'd me by thy blood ;
Unite my heart so fast to Thee,
That we may never parted be.

7. Give me a new and contrite heart,
The faith which works by love impart ;
Wash me from all the stains of sin,
And make me pure and clean within.

LXXXVI.

BELOVED Saviour, faithful Friend,
The joy of all thy cross's train ;

In mercy to our aid descend,
Or else we worship Thee in vain.

2. In vain we meet to sing and pray,
If Christ his influence withhold :
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our God by faith behold.

3. Then let us feel thy healing beams,
And view thy reconciling face ;
Yea, prove thy presence in these means
To bless a vile and helpless race.

4. Here manifest thyself in peace ;
Thy faithful mercies here make known ;
Oh ! breathe on us a gale of grace,
And send the cheering blessing down.

5. We gladly for thy coming wait,
Seeking to know Thee as Thou art ;
We bow as sinners at thy feet,
And bid Thee welcome to our heart.

6. Thy tender love therein display ;
Dispense to each the living bread ;
Oh ! let thy blood such pow'r convey,
As may cement us to our head.

7. Attach our hearts to Thee, dear Lamb ;
Vouchsafe to join us all in one
To love and praise thy precious name,
Until we meet around the throne.

LXXXVII.

THOU Son of consolation,
Refresh us in our need ;
Breathe thro' this congregation,
Our souls with manna feed :
Dispel the clouds of darkness ;
Command the light to shine ;
And banish all our sadness
By one sweet look of thine.

2. Remind us of those sorrows
 Thou carried'st in our stead;
 And all those open'd furrows
 The cruel scourges made :
 Oh ! lead us to the garden
 To view thy bloody sweat,
 Wrestling beneath the burden
 Of sin's distressing weight.
3. Yea, let us be repairing
 With haste to Calvary;
 To view the nails him tearing,
 While stretch'd upon thee tree;
 Oh ! who can tell the anguish
 Which reach'd that tender heart;
 Which there did inly languish
 Thro' piercing racking smart.
4. Methinks, I see him bleeding,
 And wish there to abide,
 Where purple gore is streaming
 From hands and feet and side :
 Oh ! let thy bitter penance,
 And life a scene of pain,
 Freely redress each grievance,
 And give the sacred flame.

LXXXVIII.

MY dear Redeemer, dying Lord,
 I love to hear of Thee;
 Thy name doth grace and life afford
 To sinful souls like me.

2. Thy precious name so warms my heart,
 And sets my soul on flame;
 I would not Lord, from Thee depart,
 But always love thy name.
3. I live, because my Saviour dy'd,
 Above the pow'r of sin;

Hereby I'm freely justify'd,
Because he rose again.

4. I'm lost in wonder, when I see
His grievous bitter smart ;
And how he liv'd and dy'd for me ;
This breaks my stony heart.
5. Oh ! then I blush, and nothing say,
But silently fall down
Like Sheba's queen, and faint away
Before king Solomon.
6. Christ lives in me, and I in him
The happy life of faith ;
E'er long he will destroy my sin,
And quite abolish death.

LXXXIX.

- O** DEAR Redeemer, who alone
Canst give me ease in pain ;
Whose blood did once for sin atone,
And pardon for me gain.
2. I once was wholly dead in sin,
And ignorant of Thee ;
And walk'd contentedly therein ;
Nor knew thy love to me.
 3. But thine all-seeing eye then view'd,
And mark'd my ev'ry way ;
And still in tender love pursu'd
Me, who from Thee did stray.
 4. Thy name is now thro' grace become
More precious to my soul,
Than sweetest smell of rich perfume,
Or Aaron's precious oil.
 5. Without thy favour, tho' I live,
Life but a burden is ;

Nought else can satisfaction give,
Experience shews me this.

6. My faithless heart, O Saviour dear,
Correct with gentle hand ;
In ev'ry danger be Thou near ;
Alone I cannot stand.

XC.

THE despised Nazarene,
Who is chief in my esteem ;
Mark'd with scourges, nails, and spear,
Hung an ensign in the air.

2. None among the sons of men,
None among th' angelic train,
Can with my belov'd compare ;
Who to me is ever dear.

3. Had I Gabriel's heav'nly tongue,
He should ever be my song ;
Object of my present bliss,
Subject of my future praise.

4. Ravish'd I'm beyond degree,
While I view him on the tree ;
All his wounds and bruises are
To my heart exceeding fair.

5. Other lovers I despise ;
Mine is gone beyond the skies ;
Earthly toys are far too mean
To divert me from my Lamb.

6. How, my Lord, shall I set forth
All thy dignity and worth !
Human words cannot express
Half thy love, or half my bliss.

7. From thy fulness me supply
Of thy grace to testify :

Let my fellow-creatures prove,
What I've tasted in thy love.

8. Soul and body sink with shame,
While I Thee my Saviour name;
Soul and body now are free
In the gospel-liberty.

XCI.

SINNERS come, your voices raise,
Sound aloud your Maker's praise;
Praise him, who from heaven came;
Praise the child from Bethlehem.

2. We see wonders ev'ry hour
Brought about by Jesu's pow'r;
He in spight of all his foes,
Conqu'ring and to conquer goes.

3. Go on, Jesus, ever go,
Till ten thousand more Thee know;
In thy gospel-chariot ride;
Gather now thy ransom'd bride.

4. Bid thy, enemies be still;
Learn thy foes to know thy will;
Bid their sin and guilt depart;
Bring them near thy bleeding heart.

5. Persecutors now reclaim,
Let them feel thy grace's flame;
Drunkard, whoremongers call home,
Jesus, bid the wand'ers come.

6. The self-righteous widely stray
From the new and living way;
Open, Lord, their blinded eyes,
Lest they still thy truth despise.

7. Still there must be room, for why?
Truth itself can never lye;

Come away, the fatling's slain ;
Jesus is the pascal Lamb.

8. This is he who calling stood,
When we wallow'd in our blood ;
Sinners, now the call embrace,
Blushing fall before his face.

XCII.

I GRIEVE, nor can my grief e'er cease,
Till I my Saviour truly love ;
Till he with blood signs my release,
And sweetly draws my thoughts above :
For this I languish, mourn, and pine,
To prove the dear Redeemer mine.

2. But oh ! how backward is my mind,
How widely my affections rove ;
Yet no true peace on earth I find,
No trace of bliss where'er I move ;
Objects of sense can ne'er impart
Felicity unto my heart.

3. No : nothing now can satisfy,
Or true contentment e'er afford ;
Till I by faith can humbly cry,
Jesus is now become my Lord :
Jesus the man of deepest grief,
Alone can send me kind relief.

4. On him my all I fain would stay,
And sweetly on his bosom rest ;
Till all my griefs shall die away,
And love shall sparkle in my breast :
When shall it be, my dearest Lamb,
That I shall feel this holy flame ?

5. Thy saints can triumph in the bliss,
And all thy wond'rous works declare ;
Oh ! how I long to feel their peace,
And all their banquetings to share :

Come to my heart, O quickly come;
And tell me that Thou art my own.

XCH.

O JESUS, everlasting God,
Who once for sinners shed'st thy blood
Upon mount Calvary;
And finish'd there redemption's toil,
And mad'st lost man thy happy spoil:
All glory be to Thee.

2. Fain would I think upon thy pain,
And find therein my life and gain,
And fix my heart and mind
Upon thy wounds and dying love;
Nor from that point a hair's breadth move,
Till all thy heav'n I find.

3. Content and glad I'll ever be
To have salvation, Lord, from Thee,
Ev'n as a sinner poor;
I nothing have, I nothing am;
My treasure's in the bleeding Lamb
Both here and evermore.

4. The more thro' grace myself I know,
The more content I am to bow
And sink beneath thy cross:
And live by faith upon thy blood,
Waiting on Thee for every good,
And count my gain but loss.

XCIV.

O H! how was I once benighted,
Running on the downward road;
And for sin my Saviour slighted,
Grieving my dear Lord and God:

I poor silly stupid creature
 Foolish, like the younger son,
 Far estrang'd from my Creator,
 From my Father's house did run.

2. But I'm heartily ashamed,
 When I see my follies all;
 I was highly to be blamed
 To refuse my Saviour's call:
 But at length the law arraign'd me,
 Pointed out my misery;
 Then his dying smart sustain'd me,
 And mark'd out my liberty.

3. Self-convicted did I wonder,
 Sinner-like begun to cry;
 Who is it hangs naked yonder?
 I, not he, deserv'd to die:
 Oh! 'tis moving and surprizing
 To behold the victim fall;
 God, his Son for us baptizing,
 Lays on him the guilt of all.

4. O My Alpha and Omega!
 Thou my first and last shall be;
 Thou, my Lord and God Jehovah,
 Art the Lamb who died'st for me:
 That's my heaven, now I feel it;
 Now the gospel feast I prove;
 Saviour, with thy spirit seal it;
 Oh! I cannot help, but love.

XCV.

SINNERS attend, attend, I pray,
 And hear the gospel-word;
 Regard your visitation-day,
 And entertain your Lord.

2. He calls unto the sons of men
 His offer'd grace to prove,

That they in seeking may attain
Repentance, faith, and love.

3. Give me thy heart, the Saviour cries;
Justly he doth it claim ;

Why should you then his suit despise,
And grieve the tender Lamb ?

4. His arms are open to receive
Whoever to him flies ;

Pardon and present peace to give,
And love that never dies.

5. In peace the Lord your souls shall kiss,
And welcome wand'ers home ;

Heal all your wounds, proclaim your peace,
And mark you for his own.

6. Come then, receive your suitor in,
The royal heav'nly guest ;

And to your joy, you'll find in him
A sweet refreshing feast.

7. Jesus our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Thou Friend of sinners, come ;

Descend, kind Comforter, and bring
The great salvation down.

XCVI.

HOW sweet a thing it is to see
The chosen people of the Lord,
Dwelling in love and unity,
Abiding stedfast in the word.

2. His praises do each tongue command,
His love's convey'd from heart to heart ;
All, willingly with heart and hand
Reciprocally act their part.

3. All love to hear their Shepherd's voice,
While he gives pasture to his sheep ;

With those that joy, they do rejoice;
And weep in heart, with those that weep.

4. Their burdens mutually they bear,
Alleviate each other's grief,
And when appriz'd of dangers near,
Jointly they supplicate relief.

XCVII.

MY Lord, how great's the favour!
That I, a sinner poor,
Can, thro' thy blood's sweet savour,
Approach thy mercy's door;
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace;
There wait the welcome message,
Which bids me go in peace.

2. I am a helpless creature
Full of the deepest need,
Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid and inly dead:
My strength is perfect weakness;
And all I have is sin;
My heart is all uncleanness,
A den of thieves within.

3. In this forlorn condition,
Who shall afford me aid;
Where shall I meet compassion
But in the church's Head?
Jesus, Thou art all pity,
Oh! take me to thy arms;
And exercise thy mercy
To save me from all harms.

4. I'll never cease repeating
My numberless complaints;
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of saints.

Till I attain the image
 Of him, I inly love;
 And pay my grateful homage
 With all the saints above.

5. Then I, with all in glory,
 Will thankfully relate
 Th' amazing pleasing story
 Of Jesu's love so great:
 In this blest contemplation
 I ever shall be well;
 And prove such consolation,
 As none below can tell.

XCVIII.

O JESUS, my Saviour, I fain would embrace
 Thy name and thy nature, thy spirit and grace;
 And trace the dear footsteps of Jesus my Lord,
 And glory in him, whom the nations abhor'd.

2. O wonder of wonders! astonish'd I gaze
 To see in the manger the Antient of days;
 And angels proclaiming the stranger forlorn,
 And telling the shepherds that Jesus is born.

3. My God, my Creator the heavens did bow
 To ransom offenders, and stoop'd very low;
 The body prepar'd by his Father assumes,
 And on the kind errand most joyfully comes.

4. Mock'd, scorn'd, and derided, by few he's receiv'd;
 To finish transgressions he's pained and griev'd:
 My bliss he recover'd in that he was slain;
 His blood-drops I reckon my life, and my gain.

5. For thousands of sinners the Lamb bow'd his head,
 While hanging an ensign in garments so red:
 My spirit rejoices, the work it is done;
 My soul is redeemed; salvation is won.

6. My god is returned to glory on high ;
When death makes a passage, then to him I'll fly ;
I gladly will leave all my brethren behind,
Expecting in glory we all shall be join'd.

XCIX.

TH' extent of Jesu's love
What heart can comprehend ?
A breadth whose distance none can prove,
A length without an end.
The first-born Seraphs try
The myst'ry to explore ;
Yet cannot trace it out ; for why ?
The curse they never bore.

2. The grace unsearchable,
Transcending human thought ;
Who, who, in earth or heav'n can tell
Or find the wonder out ?
All the angelic quire
Unite to give him praise ;
And saints redeeming love admire,
And loud hosannahs raise.

3. To Christ we lift our voice,
Who have redemption found ;
And in his name alone rejoice,
Whence all our joys abound :
This cures the burden'd mind,
This calms the ruffled heart ;
This manifests the Saviour's kind,
And bids our fears depart.

C.

MY Lord I'm fill'd with wonder
To find Thee still so kind ;
When I intensely ponder
The coldness of my mind ;

My numberless omissions,
My negligence in pray'r;
My manifold commissions,
And wand'rings here and there.

2. How many vile affections
Surviving vex my heart;
How strong are these corruptions,
Which warring give me smart;
The world, the flesh and devil
Strive to usurp the sway;
Still tempting me to evil,
To lead my soul astray.

3. In lieu of loud thanksgiving,
Wherein I ought t' abound;
I'm subject to complaining,
When trials me surround:
My want of resignation
Disorders me within;
Gives birth unto temptation,
To unbelief and sin.

4. But soon I am ashamed
Such thoughts to entertain;
Why should, my Lord, be blamed,
Since I the faultier am?
Tis thine to be forgiving
The penitential race;
And mine to be receiving
The bounties of thy grace.

CI.

LORD, be mindful of our feeble frame,
For Thou once hast fully tri'd the same;
All our weakness well Thou knows,
And of all our grief the cause,
We can never duly laud thy name.

2. Crucify us to the world and sin,
 Cleanse us from all filthiness within;
 Ev'ry vain desire controul;
 And in spirit, body, soul
 Consecrate us to thy love divine.

3. Fix thy temple, Saviour, in our breast;
 Let our souls enjoy thy peaceful rest:
 Bid us sweetly forward move,
 Rooted, grounded in thy love;
 And pronounce our souls for ever blest.

4. In temptation make us firmly stand;
 Still obeying where Thou dost command;
 Mortify the man of sin;
 From the world our passions wean;
 Hide us in the hollow of thy hand.

CII.

WE, thy children, claim thy special care;
 To preserve us from each cursed snare;
 Spotless virgins let us be,
 Simply loving only Thee,
 Who our burdens on the cross didst bear.

2. Lord, assist us in the needful hour,
 Screen us by thy promis'd aid and pow'r;
 We are very weak and frail,
 To our souls thyself reveal;
 Keep us humble, and in spirit poor.

3. From each rival our affections loose;
 Make us willingly to take up thy cross:
 Save us from our nature's fire,
 From the flames of fond desire;
 Seal us, Saviour for thy happy spouse.

CIII.

LA DEN'D with guilt sinners, arise,
 And view your bleeding sacrifice;

Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come.

2. Beneath your crimes the victim stood,
Sign'd your acquittances in blood;
Hereby stern justice is appeas'd;
Sinners, look up and be releas'd.

3. Mercy, peace, truth, and righteousness
Beam from the reconciler's face;
Here look, till love dissolve your heart,
And bid your slavish fears depart.

4. Oh! quit the world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesu's arms:
Wrestle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

CIV.

A D A M enjoy'd the smiles of God,
While in his first estate he stood
Endu'd with qualities divine,
Free from the love and act of sin:
But soon, alas! by Satan was deceiv'd,
And of his spotless purity bereav'd.

2. Malignant evils enter'd in,
Death was the consequence of sin;
And none in heav'n nor earth could stand
Beneath the stroke of justice's hand:
Created strength herein could not prevail
To make atonement, and retrieve the fall.

3. But O amazing love! God's Son
Vouchsafes a human frame t' assume;
Submits to die, for rebels too,
To save them from impending woe:
The spotless victim falls—Meanwhile his blood
Breathes incense round about the throne of God,

4. Let saints and angels shout his praise,
Their voices to his honour raise;
While we, poor worms below, by faith
Enjoy the blessings of his death;
Life to celestial objects, death to sin,
A taste and evidence of things unseen.

CV.

AUTHOR of my salvation,
To Thee I turn mine eye;
My refuge in temptation,
To Thee in haste I fly;
Tho' sin and Satan grieve me,
And sorely pain my heart;
Thou'rt able to relieve me,
And ease me of my smart.

2. Why should I be dismayed,
They, went the road before,
Who now in light arrayed
Are treading Sion's shore:
What is my first love's token
Slipt quite out of my mind?
Hath he his promise broken?
No: he's for ever kind.

3. My Lord, I'll wait thy pleasure,
And boldly march along;
And count Thee all my treasure,
And make Thee all my song:
Thy wounds and bloody sluices
My chearing cordials be,
Let their attractive uses
Unite my heart to Thee.

4. Just now with ardent wishes
I'd feed upon thy word;
And with ten thousand kisses
Embrace my loving Lord;

Till I attain the vision
Of him, on whom I wait,
And bow with sweet submission
Before his pierced feet.

CVI.

THE Lord hath sworn, and cannot lye,
With corn and wine he will supply
His chosen in their need :
The pascal Lamb is their repast,
The stranger thereof cannot taste,
Nor on the manna feed.

2. Refresh'd hereby, we never tire,
But still his boundless love admire,
And his example trace :
The gospel-lamp shall light us on
Until our warfare here be done,
And finish'd by his grace.

CVII.

OJESU, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd
For all the rich blessings convey'd thro' thy word.

2. In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace ;
And chearfully join in a consort of praise.

3. The Antient of days
His glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.

4. The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad
The language of mercy ; salvation thro' blood.

5. Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey ;
And share in the blessings of this Gospel-day.

6. The people, who know
The Saviour below,
With burning affection to worship him glow.

7. Their anguish and smart
And sorrows depart,
Who find his salvation inscrib'd on the heart.

8. The people are blest
Who lean on his breast,
And share in the foretaste the promised rest.

9. This blessing is mine
Thro' favour divine :
But O my Redeemer the glory be thine !

10. The work is of grace ;
Thine, thine be the praise !
And mine to adore Thee and tell of thy ways.

CVIII.

HOW shall a vile offender,
A prodigal like me,
Proper thanksgiving render
Unto his mercy free ;
(Whom I so often slighted
By my rebellious ways)
That I am not requited
With mis'ry all my days ?

2. In mercy Thou pass'd by me
When wallowing in my blood,
And drew the stranger nigh Thee ;
And took away my load :
Thou broke my bands asunder,
And dispossest my fears,
Fill'd me with joy and wonder,
And melted me to tears.

3. In Thee I sweetly center'd,
 Thy mercy on me smil'd;
 Till Satan slyly enter'd,
 And my weak heart beguil'd :
 My present frames I valu'd
 Which did a leanness bring;
 The stream I keenly followed,
 But overlook'd the spring.
4. Look on me tho' a traitor,
 O my Redeemer dear !
 Cleanse my infected nature,
 And all this rubbish clear :
 Each fainting grace recover,
 Apply the healing balm ;
 Speak my confusion over ;
 My ruff'd ocean calm.
5. Repeat thy mild correction,
 Till Thou thy mind fulfil
 On me, and force subjection
 On my unruly will :
 With grace my heart replenish
 Henceforth, as heretofore,
 That I my race may finish
 With joy ; and stray no more.

CIX.

WHEN I travail in distress,
 Or grief of any kind,
 Burden'd with uneasiness,
 And anguish on my mind ;
 One sweet ray of heav'nly light
 Dispells the clouds which intervene,
 Turns to day the gloomy night,
 And quite renews the scene.

2. My complaints with speed remove,
My sorrows turn to joy,
Songs of melody and love
Again my tongue employ ;
Then I enter into rest,
Again I call Immanuel mine ;
And, like John, upon his breast
My weary head recline.

3. His bless'd arms are underneath
My weakness to sustain,
In love's element I breath
Free from tormenting pain ;
Here I find a resting-place
To all the carnal world unknown,
Here I taste the glorious peace
Felt by the saints alone.

CX.

OFT I reflect upon the grace,
With tears of thankfulness,
Which call'd me from my native place,
The world's wide wilderness.

2. My precious time I vainly spent,
Subject to nature's sway ;
My corrupt carnal will was bent
Its motions to obey.

3. Thick darkness overspread my mind,
I stumbled in the night ;
All my affections were inclin'd
To creaturely delight.

4. God saw me, in this wretched case,
A slave to base desire ;
And by an act of special grace
The brand pluckt from the fire.

5. My heart, throughout defil'd by sin,
The Holy Ghost renewed ;

And each unruly ill within
Thro' conqu'ring grace subdu'd.

7. Satan's dominion he destroy'd,
And spoke me into peace;
My soul a perfect calm enjoy'd,
And solac'd in the bliss.

8. Still may a sense of mercies past
Provoke me unto praise,
And whet my appetite to taste
The larger draughts of grace.

CXI.

LORD, avenge thy tempted saints,
For Thou canst supply our wants;
Satan and a sinful heart
Cause us many hours of smart.

2. We sail on a troubled sea,
Harass'd by the enemy:
Foes without, and foes within
Tempting daily unto sin.

3. Satan uses all his craft
On the right hand and the left;
World and flesh and hell combine;
Jesu, send thy help divine.

4. God his little remnant tries,
Salts with fire each sacrifice:
But tho' tempests rise afresh,
Christ is in the burning bush.

5. Lord, thy dealings we admire,
Thou'lt us save, but yet by fire:
Purge the dross, the gold refine,
Stamp the same for current coin.

6. Jesu, we can find no rest,
But when leaning on thy breast;

Onward then we sweetly move,
When we suck the breasts of love.

7. We shall surely find at length
Weakness perfect in thy strength;
Tho' we're tost with doubts and fears,
Thou wilt wipe away our tears.

8. Lord, bring on the joyful day,
Make our sorrows flee away;
Gather all thy saints in one
Thee to praise around the throne.

CXII.

A THOUSAND foes prepare to war
Against a feeble saint;
Jesus, in my behalf appear,
And cheer me lest I faint.

2. Give me a heart divorc'd from sin,
Shut up from worldly care;
Constant, sincere, and fervent in
The exercise of pray'r:

3. Watchful in every work and word,
Ready to speak thy praise;
Arm'd with thy spirit's two-edg'd sword,
And cloath'd with ev'ry grace:

4. Fill'd with a godly filial fear,
A constant jealous care;
Lest I from the right path should err,
Or fall into a snare:

5. To every earthly object dead,
Alive to things above;
Conform'd unto my living head,
And fill'd with burning love.

6. Let furious heats no more molest,
Nor passions chafe my mind;

Quench all ill humours in my breast,
And make me meek and kind.

7. Grant me a serious sober mind,
From levity set free;

That I may shew to all mankind
Thy image, Lord, in me.

8. Assume in me thy dwelling-place,
Thy temple, and thy throne;

Then stubborn self shall bend to grace,
And Antichrist fall down.

CXIII.

GLORY and honour be to Thee,
Thou self-existent deity;

Thee we revere, and Thee adore
In mercy infinite, and pow'r.

2. To Thee, our joyful hearts we raise,
To Thee, we bring our songs of praise,
Whose bounteous care and love imparts
Celestial blessings to our hearts.

3. Unto the holy triune God,
Who hast on us, poor worms, bestow'd
Such favours, such amazing grace,
We pay our homage, thanks and praise.

CXIV.

At BAPTISM.

THOU Lord, delights thy saints to own
In thy appointed ways;

This ordinance with blessings crown,
And tokens of thy grace.

2. Jointly we raise our hearts to Thee,
Thy pow'rful spirit breathe;

And let this little infant be
Baptiz'd into thy death.

3. Oh! let thy unction on him rest,
With grace his heart bedew;
And write within his tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

4. If Thou should quickly end his race,
His place with Thee prepare;
Or if Thou lengthen out his days
Continue still thy care.

5. Thy faithful soldier may he prove,
Begirt with truth divine,
A sharer of thy dying love,
A follower of thine.

CXV.

Another.

TH Y blessing, dearest Lord, we humbly crave
To rest on him, we now baptized have;
Convey the inward grace, thy seal impress;
And fix within his heart thy dwelling-place.

2. Bedew him with that precious blood of thine,
And wash the leper in the fountain clean:
Mould him into thy image, holy Lamb,
Transcribe upon his inward parts thy name.

3. With water man baptizeth; Thou with fire
To purge the dross, and quicken each desire;
Breathe then thy spirit and impart the pow'r,
And bless this [infant] now and evermore.
[or person]

CXVI.

At the SACRAMENT.

AT thy table, Lord, I now am present;
 Me with choicest dainties feast;
 Let thy flesh and blood afford a pleasant
 And a heavenly repast:
 My poor heart with heavenly manna nourish,
 And my weak and fainting spirits cherish;
 Let me eat celestial food,
 Taste and drink thy precious blood.

2. Lo! beneath thy feet I lie, like Mary,
 Self-abas'd thro' love divine;
 Never will I from this posture vary,
 Till my heart be one with thine:
 Kiss me with ten thousand thousand kisses,
 Hold me fast in thy love's sweet embraces;
 Till I sup with Thee above
 In the realms of purest love.

CXVII.

Another.

FAITHFUL Bridegroom, holy Lamb,
 By thy church beloved;
 Manifest thy sweetest name,
 To each heart approved.
 2. Crown this ordinance of thine
 With a solemn blessing;
 Let our feast be all divine;
 Each thyself possessing.
 3. Let thy flesh afford us food
 Ev'ry grace to strengthen;
 Let our drink be Jesu's blood
 Nature's pow'r to weaken.

4. Cause that bleeding sacrifice,
Once for sinners given,
To appear before our eyes,
Earnest of our heaven.
5. We partake the bread and wine,
Seals of our profession;
Of the inward grace the sign,
Symbols of thy passion.
6. We commemorate thy death,
While we are receiving;
Feeding in our hearts by faith
With unfeign'd thanksgiving.

CXVIII.

Another.

✓
ENCOURAG'D by the word of grace,
We meet Thee at thy table, Lord,
Unveil thy lovely smiling face,
And one reviving look afford:
To us the bread of life be giv'n,
The bread which cometh down from heav'n.

2. We are unworthy, we confess,
One crumb of children's bread to taste;
But cloathed in thy righteousness,
We humbly venture to the feast;
Amidst thy saints, dear Lord, appear,
And manifest thy presence here.
3. With heav'nly food our souls refresh,
To us be known in breaking bread;
Remind us how thy sacred flesh
Was torn our hungry souls to feed;
Remind us how thy precious blood
Was shed to seal our peace with God.
4. While we review thy pain and smart,
And name the wounds for us receiv'd;

Let humble praises fill each heart,
 And ev'ry suppliant be reliev'd :
 Let love thro' ev'ry vessel flow,
 And cause our inmost souls to glow.

CXIX.

Another.

CH R I S T our passover is slain
 For us a sacrifice ;
 Thro' his death we live again,
 And thro' his fall we rise :
 By a living faith we eat
 His flesh, and drink his precious blood :
 This the happy christian's meat,
 And this the gift of God.

2. While the elements we view,
 The symbols of thy death ;
 Let thy blood our hearts bedew,
 And all our passions bathe ;
 Jesus, Master of the feast,
 Now cause the light of life to shine ;
 We implore Thee for a guest
 To realize the sign.

3. While the bread and wine we see,
 We streightly call to mind
 How Thou languish'd on the tree
 For us, and all mankind :
 Sunk in deep amaze, we muse
 And study on thy boundless love,
 Viewing ev'ry wound and bruise,
 Till we the sweetness prove.

CXX.

For a F U N E R A L.

SH O U L D mortal men in folly spend
 And measure out their days,

Esstrang'd from Christ the sinner's Friend,
Unsanctified by grace :

2. Death will destroy their carnal hope,
And bring their portion near ;
Their unconverted souls shut up
In darkness and despair.

3. Such, as the calls of grace despise,
And sin away their day,
The fiery burning lake shall seize
For its eternal prey.

4. But they, who thro' a living faith
In Christ an int'rest have,
Are bless'd in life, and bless'd in death,
And bless'd beyond the grave.

5. When death, that messenger of peace,
Divests them of their clay,
Their sighs, and griefs, and sorrows cease
And vanish quite away.

6. Translated to the realms of bliss,
They view their Saviour's face ;
And glory in the paradise
Of boundless love and praise.

7. They tune with one harmonious tongue
The honours of his name,
And join to sing redemption's song
To God, and to the Lamb.

8. Worthy is he, they cry aloud,
To him all praise be giv'n,
Who bought us with his precious blood,
And drew our souls to heav'n.

CXXI.

Another.

THE Lord both gives and takes away,
And brings us to the tomb ;

All human flesh shall soon decay,
And Jesus have his own.

2. To him be adoration paid,
Who gave us mortals breath,
On him, our happy souls be staid,
The antidote of death.

3. From age to age he gathers in
The travail of his soul;
Till he his purchas'd bride shall win,
And consummate the whole.

4. Then shall his kingdom come with pow'r,
His saints to honour rise,
Nor ever see corruption more,
But seize their calling's prize.

5. We then shall meet our friends again
Departed in the faith,
And jointly glorify the Lamb
Beyond the reach of death.

6. For this we look, for this we pray,
Come, Jesus, quickly come;
Hasten that happy awful day,
And take the pilgrims home.

CXXII.

Another.

THIS is the portion, this the lot,
The period this of human frame;
Naked into the world we'er brought,
Naked must we return again.

2. Vain man, remember thou art dust,
Thy health and strength shall soon decay;
Thou'rt only in this world a guest,
A traveller lodging by the way.

3. Thy life is reckon'd but a span,
Thy fleeting hours are vrey few;
Death is the stated end of man,
We all are quickly hast'ning too.

4. Fly then to Christ, in him thou'lt find
A guide throughout life's narrow path;
A stay and anchor for thy mind,
A convoy in the storms of death.

CXXIII.

Longing to be DISSOLVED.

LORD, I long thy face to see,
Waiting for a call from Thee;
Which shall bid me leave my clay,
and ascend to endless day.

2. Saviour, let me hear the cry,
Which bespeaks thy coming nigh;
Let me soon depart from hence,
Let my bridal day commence.

3. Gladly with my latest breath
I would bid adieu to earth;
Gladly leave my all below,
And unto my Saviour go.

4. I am weary thro' thy stay,
Burden'd with a house of clay;
Grieving that I cannot praise,
As I would, thy acts of grace.

5. And already I despair
This to do, while I am here;
Send thy angels quickly down
To convey me safely home.

6. Lord, excuse my earnest pray'r,
And unto my suit give ear;
Tis thy grace that makes me cry,
Speak the word, and let me die.

7. Then, when Thou shalt once appear,
I shall meet Thee in the air;
Freed from ev'ry earthly load,
I shall see, and dwell with God.

8. Yes, my Lord, on Thee I'll wait,
Till it seems to Thee most meet
Me to call to Thee above,
There to sing redeeming love.

CXXIV.

When ye see these THINGS, know that the END is nigh.

J EHOVAH, King of kings,
With whose eternal praise
All the celestial arches ring;
While saints adore thy grace:
Worthy alone art Thou
To be by all ador'd,
The king of peace and justice too,
Who wield'st the flaming sword.

2. Thy judgments, now abroad
Throughout this earthly sphere,
Declare a sin-avenging God,
And speak distress is near:
For our repeated crimes
The frame of nature groans;
While creatures, suff'ring for our sins,
Expiring sob in moans.

3. The earth doth travail too,
Well conscious of the load;
And quaking staggers too and fro
Before an angry God:
At his supreme command
She swallows quick and dead;
And desolation seems at hand,
And judgment on our head.

4. The elements are seen
In a disorder'd jar ;
The days of sorrow thus begin
With pestilence and war ;
Dread famine draweth nigh
To scatter death abroad ;
These great forerunners loudly cry,
“ Prepare to meet thy God.
5. Where shall the sinners fly,
Or where a refuge find ;
When tyrannizing death is nigh,
And hell stalks close behind :
In vain for help thy cry,
In vain themselves they screen,
For his all-seeing vengeful eye
Discerns their damning sin.
6. His grace they here withstood,
And mock'd his children dear ;
They trampled on his precious blood,
And scorn'd to love or fear :
Therefore the God of pow'r
With burning vengeance comes,
And will, in the decisive hour,
Declare their final doom.
7. Saints smiling hear th' alarm,
Which thunders thro' the air ;
Their souls dependent on his arm,
His coming need not fear :
In that tremendous day
With boldness shall they stand,
Drest in the Saviour's bright array,
With joy at his right hand.

CXXV.

Another.

NATURE stain'd with man's transgressions,
Trembling quakes and starts aside ;

How! ye careless unawaken'd,
Where oh! where now will you hide?
Earth the Mother swallows up her children quick.

2. Desolation now is ranging
Round the world in various forms;
And Christ's servants are proclaiming
Shelter in ensuing storms:
Oh! take warning; come, this is the gospel-day.

3. Earth's foundations now are reeling,
Shudd'ring stagger too and fro;
This the prelude of his coming
To redress his people's woe:
O ye virgins! trim your lamps; your Bridegroom comes.

4. Wake! awake ye drowsy mortals,
Let your worldly projects die;
Hearken to these solemn warnings;
To the blood of sprinkling fly:
Grieve his patience now no more; repent and live.

5. Scoff no more, ye persecutors,
Lay self-murd'ring weapons down;
Shortly shall both men and devils
His unbounded vict'ry own:
Bring your homage; pay your grateful tribute down.

6. Sing, ye dear redeemed children,
Wait the dreadful happy hour;
Tho' the world be crush'd in ruin,
Jesus lives for evermore:
Bless the Saviour, thank and praise the crucify'd.

CXXVI.

BESOLD he cometh with CLOUDS &c. *Rev. i. 7.*

HARK, hark! methinks, I hear a voice
Break thro' the skies in thund'ring roar;
He comes, he comes! O saints rejoice;
For time itself shall be no more.

2. Commission'd from th' eternal hills,
Gabriel in solemn pomp descends ;
The frightful blast all nature feels,
Each marble tomb asunder rends.

3. Ye slumb'ring saints, arise, arise ;
Go in and take your promis'd bliss :
A Christ, a crown, a paradise,
Your happy portion ever is.

4. From the dark confines of the deep,
Appears Jehovah's happy bride ;
The pris'ners, waking from their sleep,
Arise to walk at Jesu's side.

5. Array'd she mounts the azure skies,
Fearless close by the throne doth stand ;
Receives her calling's glorious prize
Presented by the Father's hand.

6. But sinners, who refused here
The marriage-garment to put on,
Shudd'ring must naked then appear
To meet th' irrevocable doom.

7. See then, earth's massy pillars shake,
Which millions now of souls sustain ;
Crackling a frightful noise they make,
When seiz'd by the devouring flame.

8. The flames in curling volumes rise,
And space immensurable fill ;
Glaring aloft up to the skies,
And glowing on from hill to hill.

9. The glitt'ring curtains of the sky
Singed then, will like a scowl be hurl'd ;
With noise the heavens away will fly,
And drop into a burning world.

10. Each dazzling lamp, each fiery ball,
Which twice three thousand years have run ;

From their respective orbs shall fall,
And tumble in confusion down.

11. The trembling rocks the stroke shall feel,
And tott'ring then distorted fall;
Nature's whole frame around will reel,
Until the flame hath burnt up all.

12. The briny surges of the deep,
Whose cooling property is o'er,
Away the lambient flames shall sweep,
And fiercely clash from shore to shore.

13. Where, wretch, will be thy boasting then?
How wilt thou shun the avenging rod?
Where wilt thou fly thyself to screen,
When 'raign'd before an angry God?

14. Here thou could'st boast thyself, and say,
Tush, tush, the Lord doth not regard;
From offer'd grace thou turn'dst away,
And so from glory art debarr'd.

15. When him unveil'd thine eye shall see,
Anguish and pain shall fill thy heart;
Thou to his bar must summon'd be,
And hear the heavy word, "depart.

16. And will this solemn day appear?
Must all before him stand arraign'd?
Fly then, oh! fly to Jesus dear,
Whose mercy does thy sin transcend.

17. Come sinner then, obey his voice,
Who died in time to save mankind;
When he appears thou'lt then rejoice,
And leave a flaming world behind.

CXXVII.

FIGHT the good fight of FAITH. 1. *Tim.* 6. — 12.

YE people, who wonder at me and my ways,
And censure and judge and condemn me always;

If you will but hear and believe, I'll relate
My name, and adventures, and my present state.

2. I came from the loins of the first sinner man;
Tho' born so far from him, yet like him I am;
And unto his misery, contracted by th' fall,
Was born heir at law; 'twas entail'd on us all,

3. Our Father thus bankrupt, was turn'd out of door,
And I from his loins came a debtor and poor;
The contract he broke was to him and his heirs,
And thus my first name to be sinner appears.

4. My surname to sinner was dark, dead and blind,
Poor, guilty, condemn'd, and to prison consign'd;
Yet a pris'ner of hope, who had freedom to rove
To seek for a friend, who a sinner could love.

5. Whilst wand'ring forlorn in my own native sphere,
I heard a strange voice, saying, get thee elsewhere;
Leave country and kindred, and come after me;
And thou a salvation most glorious shalt see.

6. No person I saw but the voice I obey'd,
And follow'd not knowing by whom or where led;
Till one to the eyes of my mind did appear
All bloody and wounded with whips, nail and spear.

7. I soon did perceive by his carriage and form,
'Twas Jesus the Saviour with outstretched arm;
Who scatter'd my fears, and remov'd all my guilt,
And bid me rejoice in his blood for me spilt.

8. He changed my garments, and gave me a name,
Hephzibah he call'd me; and kindl'd a flame
Of pure burning love in my cold heart of stone;
Mine eyes he anointed with salve of his own.

9. Afar off I then saw Immanuel's land
More charming, tho' distant, than any at hand:
Inflam'd with desire, I long'd to be gone;
He arm'd me, and girt me, and bid me press on.

10. And now, like a travelling pilgrim, I'm bound
To the holy land, where true joys can be found :
My soul's resolution is never to faint,
Till thro' dissolution the pilgrim's a saint.

11. A race I'm running, and hope to obtain ;
The world in its course does oppose me in vain :
Between the heats oft I gain cordials of grace,
Which giant-like make me rejoice in the race.

12. A wrestler I am, and my combatants be
Not flesh and blood only, from which I could flee ;
But spirits invisible wicked and high,
Which I must or conquer or certainly die.

13. My sword and my breast-plate, and helmet and shield,
I buckle around me when ent'ring the field ;
Nor can all these save me, except that the Lord
Jehovah his strength everlasting afford.

14. I wrestle and strive, and I fight and I run ;
Oh ! may I ne'er faint till the battle is won ;
But thro' the Lamb's blood more than conqueror prove,
And triumph at last in the heaven of love.

CXXVIII.

Be SOBER, be VIGILANT. 1 Peter. 5. 8.

YE brethren and sisters who're called by grace,
Thro' plainness of preaching, to seek the Lords face ;
And come up from Egypt the land to possess
Which flows with salvation and rivers of peace :

2. Tho' great is our warfare, yet just is our war,
We fight for that world whereof Abraham was heir :
Tho' great was his offspring, and num'rous as stars,
For each there's a blessing, a portion, and share.

3. What tho' we're but few and our enemies strong,
Our Captain is great, and the war is not long ;

He faints not like Moses but holds up his hands,
Till safely his seed are brought home to their land.

4. Let all our minds be as the mind of one Man,
United in love and determin'd to gain:

When hearts and when hands are all joined in one,
Then trembles the nations as Israel pass on,

5. Remember to sprinkle each conscience with blood,
This saves from destruction and maketh all good:

The mystery of godliness lieth herein,
Tis blood and blood only which cleanseth from sin.

6. Regard not the great nor their favour esteem,
Unless of the cross they will subjects become:

When riches amongst us can purchase a name,
The plague it is enter'd and spreading again.

7. Beware of the wisdom which reigns among men,
This darkens the gospel is cheating, and vain:

As fine painted glass while it dazzles the eyes,
Obstructeth the light which should come from the skies.

8. Stand fast in the gospel, and its liberty,
Close join'd unto Jesus may ev'ry heart be:

The point for the happy eternity's now,
We reap at the last as in time we do sow.

9. All those of the general assembly above,
Who now with the Seraphs are flaming in love;

Were once in distress in this valley of tears,
And came to their bliss thro' abundance of fears.

10. Thro patience and faith after them let us press,
And trace from their footsteps the high way of grace:

Tis now called day but the night will soon come,
When labour must cease and the lab'ers go home.

FINIS.

James & Mary

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1845